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LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }
Volume LXIII. }

No. 2304. — August 25, 1888.

{ From Beginning,
Vol. CLXXVIII. }

CONTENTS.

I. THE POEMS OF MICHAEL ANGELO, . . .	<i>Edinburgh Review,</i> . . .	451
II. AN ELIE RUBY,	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i> . . .	468
III. BENYOWSKY,	<i>Temple Bar,</i>	485
IV. PUBLIC SCHOOLS IN THE OLDEN TIME,	<i>Murray's Magazine,</i>	495
V. VEGETABLE RENNET,	<i>Nature,</i>	502
VI. LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF SKETCHING,	<i>Argosy,</i>	505
VII. FROM A FALKLAND ISLANDER,	<i>St. James's Gazette,</i>	508
VIII. THE POISONOUS SNAKES OF THE BOMBAY PRESIDENCY,	<i>Nature,</i>	510
IX. IN THE MONTH WHEN SINGS THE CUCKOO,	<i>National Review,</i>	511

POETRY.

THE TWO LIVES,	450	IN THE MONTH WHEN SINGS THE	
THE OLD KNIFE-GRINDER,	450	CUCKOO,	511
TO A NIGHTINGALE,	450		

MISCELLANY,	512
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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & CO., BOSTON.

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THE TWO LIVES.

AMONG the lonely hills they played;
No other bairns they ever knew;
A little lad, a little maid,
In sweet companionship they grew.

They played among the ferns and rocks
A childish comedy of life —
Kept house and milked the crimson docks
And called each other man and wife.

They went to school; they used to go
With arms about each other laid;
Their flaxen heads, in rain or snow,
Were sheltered by a single plaid.

And so — and so it came to pass
They loved each other ere they knew;
His heart was like a blade o' grass,
And hers was like its drop o' dew.

The years went by; the changeful years
Brought larger life and toil for life;
They parted in the dusk with tears —
They called each other man and wife.

They married — she another man,
And he in time another maid;
The story ends as it began;
Among the lonely hills — they played!
WILLIAM CANTON.

THE OLD KNIFE-GRINDER.

"STILL at thy glass, thou dawdling lass!
Still fiddling with thy gown!
Get hooked, I say, the quickest way,
And bring my bandbox down.
I'll change my cap — by some good hap,
Here's Nathan come to town.
Well worth the fee those scissors be;
They've served me long and leal."
*And whirr, girr, whirrilek,
Round goes the wheel.*

"There's packs of jacks and idle quacks
That make a vast parade,
But saw and jag for all their brag,
Or leave you ne'er a blade.
At twice the price I'd have 'em nice,
And Nathan knows his trade."
She ties the ribbon round her chin,
She gives her hair a feel;
*And whirr, girr, whirrilek,
Round goes the wheel.*

There's hauling down of handles brown,
There's searching drawer and box,
And all the street's a fuss of feet,
A fluttering of frocks;
But calm he stands, with watchful hands,
Correct and orthodox.

He pauses now to test the edge,
Then presses, sole and heel;
*And whirr, girr, whirrilek,
Round goes the wheel.*

Horn specs repose across his nose;
His nightcap gives a grace;
He takes the blade from wife or maid
With grave decisive face;
While light the steel his fingers feel,
And diagnose the case.
He names the charge in final tone,
Admitting no appeal;
*And whirr, girr, whirrilek,
Round goes the wheel.*

What secrets deep his head must keep,
What sights his eyes have met!
For squire and dame his service claim,
And people grander yet —
The queen confides to none besides
Her best white-handled set.
But not a word of all he knows
Those close-set lips reveal;
*As whirr, girr, whirrilek,
Round goes the wheel.*

Come scissors slight and shears of might,
Come knives of every strain;
The tweezers nip, the pincers grip,
The hammer beats amain;
Down, 'neath the toes the treadle goes,
The wheel spins round again.
"There, dame, the blade's as good as new —
I trow, 'twill carve the meal!"
*So whirr, girr, whirrilek,
Round goes the wheel.*
Good Words. FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

TO A NIGHTINGALE.

"Forse a memoria de' suoi primi guai." — *Purg.*
SAD bird, when thou dost flood the listening
night
With liquid music from thy bursting heart,
Within some tangled thicket out of sight
Of moon and stars, till saddened they de-
part
And leave the world unlit, does thy quick
brain
Teem with the dim remembrance of the
past?
Dost thou forget thy bird-shape, and again
Put on that other self that once thou wast?
Does the deep love that erst attuned thine
eyes
Now pour itself in music to the skies?
Lone bird, would thou could'st know how
thou hast wrought
My laden soul to sympathy with thine!
Would thou could'st know, and gladden with
the thought,
How, easing thy full heart, thou eatest
mine!
Academy. PAGET TOYNBEE.

From The Edinburgh Review.

THE POEMS OF MICHAEL ANGELO.*

ENGLISH writers cannot be accused of having neglected the poetry of Michael Angelo. Earlier than Mr. Pater's essay and Mr. Symonds's criticisms and translations came Mr. Taylor's philosophical study of the whole species of poetry to which Michael Angelo's sonnets and madrigals belong. Before that, Wordsworth and Southey had made versions of some of the poems for Duppa's biography of Michael Angelo. The poems did not fail to make themselves known. One of Wordsworth's renderings attracted the attention of William Blake, as Mr. Crabb Robinson discovered from pencillings in his copy of Wordsworth, when it came back to him after Blake's death. He had lent it to the man best fitted to appreciate the mystical ideas of the great Italian artist.

Michael Angelo, like Dante, seems to have a special attraction for the northern mind. His genius is in some ways ascetic and puritanic, and appeals to those who seek rather for edification than for artistic beauty. The ingenuous barbarian in Italy is taken at once with the noble aspect of Michael Angelo's "David;" he is impressed by the passionate resolve shown in the knit brows. The spiritual emotion in the face he can understand, because he has been brought up on dramas, novels, and religious and reflective works, which treat of emotions and passions. But appreciation of the story of a picture or a statue may be possible without any real appreciation of painting or sculpture, and perhaps many people admire the "David" or the "Moses" of Michael Angelo — on account of the expression in their faces — who find it difficult to see much in the Parthenon marbles. It may be suspected

that, in a similar way, of the many English students of Dante more are attracted by the religion, the mysticism, the prophesying, than by the verse, the imagery, or the characters of the "Divine Comedy." A great deal of the poetry of Michael Angelo resembles the more abstract and mystical parts of Dante. Michael Angelo studied Dante zealously, as is proved by his own poems and the evidence of his friends, and notably by the Florentine petition to Leo X. in 1519 to have the ashes of Dante brought back to his native land. "Michelagnoliolo schultore" does not only sign his name, but breaks in upon the decent Latin of the document, and says, in his Tuscan, that he offers himself "to the divine poet to make his tomb in a seemly manner, and in an honorable place in this city." It is from this love for Dante, perhaps, that Michael Angelo takes his antique Florentine character; for in many ways he seems to belong rather to the older, narrower Florentine State, represented by Villani, than to the confused and heavily laboring Florence of the times following on the first French invasion of Italy. The mysticism in Michael Angelo's sonnets is like that of the "Vita Nuova," or of Guido Guinicelli, still earlier. It is a sort of recovery of the genius of the first simple outburst of Italian idealistic poetry, after generations of Petrarchians had done their worst to spoil everything by their endless iteration of the same tune, and their monotonous variations. This is one of the greatest charms of Michael Angelo's poetry; this is what makes the sonnets an all but unique production in literature — that in an age of literary conventionality and incipient decadence, a great genius, working at literature as a pastime, struck back instinctively to forms of thought long ago out of fashion, and produced verses unfashionably sincere. One remembers how Blake reinvented the Elizabethan mode of lyric poetry, in the days of the mechanical utterers of heroic couplets. There is this great difference, however, between the two cases, that Blake was a thoroughgoing antagonist of the established and accepted school of poetry, and paid his reverence to a quite distinct older one. Michael An-

* 1. *Le Rime di Michelangelo Buonarroti . . . cavate dagli autografi e pubblicate da CESARE GUASTI, Accademico della Crusca.* 4to. Florence: 1863.

2. *The Sonnets of Michael Angelo Buonarroti and Tommaso Campanella.* Translated by JOHN ADINGTON SYMONDS. London: 1878.

3. *Michael Angelo considered as a Philosophical Poet.* With translations. By JOHN EDWARD TAYLOR. (Second Edition.) London: 1852.

4. *Le Lettere di Michelangelo Buonarroti, pubblicate coi Ricordi ed i Contratti artistici per cura di GAETANO MILANESI.* Florence: 1875.

gelo did what was much more singular, though much less obviously remarkable. He did not go into direct opposition. He kept within the limits of the contemporary school, and yet freed himself in a miraculous way from the vices of that school—at all events in his best poems—and reproduced the original wild type which had been obliterated by a long course of artificial cultivation, by gardeners' varieties of gaudy and sterile blossoms.

There is no explanation to be found of this, except the perfectly satisfactory one, that Michael Angelo was Michael Angelo. He could hardly, if he tried, talk or write, paint or carve, without putting his whole strength into it. The Petrarchians differed from the early Tuscan sonnetters chiefly in not believing what they wrote, nor even seriously making believe. Michael Angelo had difficulty in being insincere, and his sincerity brought back to him the tone of Dante's "Vita Nuova." The intensity of feeling, which strikes even the inartistic and uninstructed in the presence of the "David" or the "Moses," found a literary expression in the sonnets and madrigals, by means of which his great and lonely genius gave voice to its complaint, its *desiderium* of a land that is very far off.

It would be a daring and rather foolish thing to say that the poems are as valuable in themselves, apart from all thought of the author, as they are when regarded as his confessions—his own personal words. It may be true enough, that as anonymous compositions they would still be unparalleled and wonderful. Only very serious students, however, will give themselves the trouble of going through the necessary process of abstraction in order to get rid of the personal bias. Most people will be content to be thankful for the poems, first and chiefly, because their author—he and no other person—wrote them.

Not that they are of much value to the biographer on the search for picturesque details. The dates of most of them are vague; the certain dates belong for the most part to the latter years, when the adventures of Michael Angelo among popes, cardinals, politicians, and rivals

generally, were pretty nearly at an end. Most of the poems are rather abstract; Michael Angelo did not bring the plastic individualizing faculty much into use in his verse. Dante is more of a painter and sculptor than Michael Angelo when it comes to rhyming. Emotions and ideas there are in plenty, but few concrete images. The great artist found a relief in getting away into a vaguer region of intelligence, from the bondage of line and color in which his working days were passed.

The task of interpreting the poems and their place in the life of Michael Angelo has been undertaken by the first editor of the true text, Signor Cesare Guasti. For until Guasti's volume was published in 1863 there was no authoritative edition at all. The received text was a made-up thing, first published by Michael Angelo's grand-nephew in 1623. In that the asperity of the original was smoothed away; the hurrying, crowded thoughts and words were reduced to order, thinned out, and decently fenced apart by wedges of conventional *gradus* phrasing, such as any one could pick up in any Petrarchian workshop. Even in this revised and emasculated version the genius of Michael Angelo shines through; the tone is different from that of the "vulgar amorist." Still, the alterations are quite enough to vitiate the text, and it cannot be used by any one who knows Guasti's edition. Its comparative ease and fluency are dearly bought at the cost of the suspicions of tampering, which vex the reader from page to page, in every line and word. It is unpleasant to be always testing for alloy.

The edition of 1863, with its learned introductory discourse, and elaborate illustrative and critical apparatus, is one of the most valuable of recent contributions to the history of art and poetry. To Italian literature especially it is all clear gain; the literary works of one of the greatest of Italians are restored to their proper place among the achievements of the poets.

Michael Angelo never published his verses, further than to his own friends, yet in his lifetime they were well known and

appreciated. He was not careless about them either, and evidently took a great interest in poetical composition; though — or perhaps because — “writing was not his trade,” as he wrote once to Vasari. In many of his letters he shows anxiety about the correctness of his poems, and entrusts them to the judgment of Luigi del Riccio or Donato Giannotti. “Messer Luigi, you have the poetic genius; mend me one of these two madrigals, for I want it to give to a friend of ours.” “Choose the one which Messer Donato judges to be the less wretched (*il manco tristo*).” And again he sends greeting “to Messer Donato, mender of things ill made.” Criticism, at that time, it should be remembered, exercised the minds of artists almost as much as their own proper work. There was an immense and continuous production of opinion on general and particular artistic matters. Michael Angelo read Varchi’s treatise on the comparative merits of painting and sculpture, and gave judgment in his own manner — authoritatively enough. He had a certain finite amount of respect for the literary man’s point of view. It was not for nothing that he had walked in the garden of Lorenzo the Magnificent, along with the philosophers and scholars. He could talk on abstract questions of æsthetics as well as the best of them. “Let painting and sculpture be at peace with one another, and leave wrangling,” he says, “for there goes more time to that than to the making of figures.” Varchi had before this given a remarkable indication of the importance of Michael Angelo’s poems in the estimation of the doctors of literature. On the second Sunday in Lent, 1546, he had read before the Florentine Academy a discourse on Michael Angelo’s sonnet, “Non ha l’ ottimo artista alcun concetto;” and this Lent sermon was printed afterwards by its author, and published along with the essay on painting and sculpture, and was greatly admired. Michael Angelo himself used very courteous language about it, and wrote to the author that Donato Giannotti could not have enough of reading it. Thus it is plain that the sonnets, even though unpublished in the ordinary sense of the word, were fully recognized and appre-

ciated by the literary tribunals, and that the author of them, however lightly he may have spoken of his rhymes, did not keep them to himself or refuse the praise that was accorded them by those instructed in such things. His best friends were men of letters; the society in which he lived was occupied quite as much with philosophy and literature as with art. There were other ways also in which his poems became known outside the circle to which he communicated them. His madrigals were set to music by different composers. And there was one poem which at once struck the imagination and was remembered. That poem is the quatrain belonging to the statue of Night — “Caro m’ è ’l sonno, e più l’ esser di sasso.” It is this, and not any more philosophical poem, that keeps alive, in the general reader and the general tourist, a knowledge that Michael Angelo wrote poetry. It is printed in Baedeker, and the custodian of the sacristy of San Lorenzo recites it to the passing generations.

Not many of the more elaborate poems can rival the Greek simplicity of this one. Most of them, and not least those in which the originality and individuality are most strongly marked, belong to a school, one of the strangest, and for centuries one of the most powerful in Europe. Mr. Taylor’s essay describes it, and traces its influence in different ramifications. It is the school, or rather the university, of the idealist lovers. The Provençal poets belong to it; so do the Minnesingers, and generally every one in the Middle Ages who, between the Tagus and the Danube, felt called upon to join in the service of the adorable and distant lady. The magic garden of the rose is one of the principal French colleges, with several notable masters of the art of love — Mac-hault, Deschamps, Froissart, and the English Chaucer. The Italians have their own ritual. The friends of Dante are a group by themselves; Petrarch is the founder of a large and flourishing order, which, however, like some other fraternities, has incurred the reproach of coldness and formalism. His rule was adopted in France by Ronsard and the Pleiad. The

British graduates are a considerable and varied body; after the Chaucerians, English and Scottish, came the Tudor sonnet-teers, and after them many an eloquent and learned lover, till the muster is closed by Cowley and his "language of the heart." Nor must the Easterns be passed over; Mr. Taylor gives them their due. English readers find, in the only Persian book they possess, in the translations from Jami appended to Fitzgerald's Omar Khayyam, passages that excite wonder and curiosity about that unknown Eastern world of the Middle Ages which, like the West, had its troubadours and Minnesingers, and, like Guido Cavalcanti and his greater friend, studied the Greek philosophy as well as it could; though it made Aristotle, unceremoniously, into "Aristo," and Plato into "Ifatun." The strange thing is that in the East, as in the West, the lectures of the philosophers were turned into poetry.

There are two specific varieties of the idealistic love poetry which in Europe took its beginning from the courts of Provence. The first, which might be called the Provençal type, simply turns the object of adoration into a remote personification of cruelty and disdain, and of excellence unmatched by Helen or Iseult. The second class, of which, perhaps, the first examples are to be found in the poetry of Guido Guinicelli, of Bologna, is that to which the term Platonic may most properly be given. The poets of this school are not content with simple idolatry, with offerings of sighs and tears and furnaces to the unimpassioned divinity of stone or ice. They adopt, whether from study of the school authors, or by some quicker way of appropriation, the theory of the "Phædrus" and the "Symposium." They are servants of the unseen idea of beauty, whose *vestigia* they worship in the fairest of created things. In the later schools of amatory poets these two kinds are often represented in the works of the same author, and this is the case with Michael Angelo. A considerable number of his poems must be regarded as exercises in the established manner of lyrical composition, employing all the stock phrases and ideas which had so extraordinary a vogue through such a length of time. Michael Angelo's sonnets and madrigals contain the usual images of fire and frost, the usual extravagance of sighing and weeping. One specimen may be given of this sort of conceit from the poem in *tersa rima*, "On the Death of his Lady:"—

E similmente il cor che s' innamora,
Quand' el superchio ardor troppo l' accende,
L' umor degli occhi il temprà che non mora.

Imagery of this kind was no one's property. The amount of it in existence, in all the languages of Europe, may possibly be calculable, but can hardly be known to many students. Landor's epigram "On Cowley's Style"* may be taken as the final judgment upon the strange fashion, disposing of it at any rate for the present cycle of history:—

Dispenser of wide-wasting woe,
Creation's laws you overthrow.
Mankind in your fierce flames you burn,
And drown in their own tears by turn.
Deluged had been the world in vain,
Your fire soon dried its clothes again.

When Michael Angelo wrote in this manner, squandering his flames and tears, he was competing at a great disadvantage with the skilled Petrarchians, who had all the advantages of leisure, educated style, and absence of genius. Many of Michael Angelo's poems, it is safe to say, may be considered as exercises merely, not meant for publication. He had to practise writing; he had evidently a great curiosity about the problems of literary composition—that art which was not his own. Among the pedantic finished stylists of that time, he appears as a rustic and untrained. He had "small Latin." His classical knowledge was probably got by oral tradition from the scholars of the household of Lorenzo. His spelling is not that of a classical purist; *sonecto*, *cactivo*, *obrigato*, *rachoncatore* for *racconciatore*, *diaccio* for *ghiaccio*, are examples of his licenses. His ideas are presented without selection or order, the lines are overburdened with meaning; and the grand-nephew obviously thought he was doing his best when he thinned them down. So that it was not in competing with the Petrarchian stylists—the vendors of the patent images and phrases—that Michael could succeed. Those of his poems which stand out beyond the rest are those which belong to the second, more esoteric, more Platonic kind, which are likeliest to the poems of the circle of Dante. One must distinguish between the idolaters of the extravagant, Provençal, not too serious sort, and the idealists, who follow Plato and Dante. Michael Angelo belongs to the second and smaller company.

There is a very natural prejudice among

* Last Fruit, p. 369.

artists against any theory which magnifies the unseen idea at the expense of the sensible antitype of it. Instinctively, it is felt that the pursuit of the pure idea of the beautiful is fatal to arts, which are busied for the most part with the senses and matter belonging to the senses. Platonism, like all modes of belief that make a divorce between the soul and the body, the unseen and the seen, might be expected to be incompatible with art, as inducing distrust of the means employed by the artist. A theory which offers a general idea as an object of pursuit, which encourages contempt of bodily details, is not likely to be favored in any art school where the masters wish their pupils to be modest, painstaking, and accurate. Idealism may be an easy refuge for the bungler and the impostor, or for innocent, foolish persons. The Platonic manner of poetizing has a fatal fascination for people who never ought to be allowed to write a verse — who have no imagination, except in the belief that they are artists; or passion, except in hankering after unattainable powers of poetry. Its abstract character commends itself to minds that are destitute of the artistic faculty. Those who have failed in art retain the consolation that they have been inspired by a divine universal idea. When one has been baffled by the intricate, particular details of execution in any art, it may be a relief to decide that those details are unimportant, irrelevant, and shadowy in comparison with the idea. That is the worst of this sort of idealism; it is far too easily imitated.

Michael Angelo stands separate from the crowd. He, at any rate, is not open to the reproach of choosing the easier way — he who, according to his own humorous description of his Sistine experiences, had bowed and cramped himself out of all human likeness, through years of a daily contest with those same despised particular details — the terrene paint and plaster in which his ideas were expressed. With Michael Angelo the idealistic way of thinking is not a short cut, a bypath meadow to escape the heartbreaking labor of the highway of art. It comes after the labor, after the victory, not before it. His mystical language proceeds out of the depth of a long experience, and is weighted with the solemnity of his noble and devoted life. That gives his poetry its incomparable force of character. There are not many artists who can use the language of idealism with perfect sincerity, having accomplished their ap-

prenticeship, and mastered all the real difficulties of their craft. Among those few are Dante and Michael Angelo.

It is not possible to fix with certainty the place of all Michael Angelo's poems in the history of his life. All the available evidence of this sort has been collected by Guasti. It is certain that some of the poems were written in early life. Later, the critical time of the siege of Florence and the disappearance of liberty found its record in the notable epigram of the statue of Night. Many of the most valuable of the poems were written in old age, and, fortunately, dates are more frequent in this part of the history.

Michael Angelo was born in 1475. He worked under Ghirlandajo at the frescoes in Santa Maria Novella, where Orcagna's designs from Dante may possibly have suggested or encouraged his first adventures in the study of that great poetic master whose authority he recognized to the end. He was patronized by Lorenzo the Magnificent. In the gardens of St. Mark he became acquainted with men of letters and philosophers; and when he was about sixteen he received from Politian such friendly instruction in mythology as served him for his marble relief of Hercules and the Centaurs. In 1494, the year of the expulsion of the Medici, he went to Bologna and found a patron there, Messer Gian Francesco Aldobrandini, who delighted in hearing him read the Italian poets — Dante, Boccaccio, Petrarch, and others. There is plenty of authority, then, for believing that his interest in literature had room to develop, and that he made up for his want of the ancient and orthodox humanities by recourse to the authors who wrote in the vulgar tongue.

Condivi, his friend and pupil, author of the biography on which all the others depend, has set down that, after the completion of the great statue of David in 1504, Michael Angelo "remained some time without working at anything in painting or sculpture, but gave himself to the study of Italian poets and prose authors (*poeti ed oratori volgari*) and to the composition of sonnets for his own pleasure," until he was summoned to Rome by Pope Julius II. What those sonnets were, and whether they have been preserved at all, it would be hard to say. The earliest poems that have a date attached to them belong to his stay in Rome about the year 1506, and seem to accord well enough with the splenetic and disdainful temper which in that year found

the life of a courtier unendurable, and led to the memorable quarrel with the pope. In one sonnet he addresses the pope without any disguise, reproaching him for his neglect of honest service, giving a direct challenge to the overbearing old man. In another he attacks the pope's love of war, and the profanation of religion by worldly ambitions. Michael Angelo at last took flight from this sacrilegious Rome, and finally brought Julius II. to terms at Bologna, with great credit to both personages in this strange comedy. They were well matched in obstinacy and anger — the two proudest men then living — and the conflict was like that between two irresistible forces. But the younger man won, and then they understood and appreciated each other.

Those early Roman sonnets, being satirical and libellous, are distinguished from the great majority of Michael Angelo's poems, which are meditative and idealistic. One feels, however, that indignation is a passion which it is natural for him to express in poetry; the wonder is rather that he kept it within bounds, and expressed it so rarely. His reading in Dante might have encouraged him to a more liberal use of crimonious iambics against the many adversaries of his ideas and ideals. But he understood the virtue of those who keep silence in the evil time. His lightning was not used every day against every ordinary hypocrite. He took refuge generally in "the stormless bay of deep contempt," and only now and then made a sally against the evils that annoyed him. This condemnatory and indignant poetry is too important, considered as the personal utterance of the poet, to be lightly passed over. Michael Angelo belonged to the tribe of poets who find hate no less inspiring than love or reverence, and who are marked off from the ordinary professional satirist by their equal capacity of admiration and of scorn. This is no particular school, or, at any rate, representatives of it may be found in any age. In Italy especially, from Catullus to Giusti and Carducci, the prayer of many a poet has been of a double sort, —

dammi un fiore
Per l' amore
E per l' odio una saetta.

The Provençals were as fond of the gibling *serventes* as of the more refined, courtly, and conventional foras of verse. It was probably Sordello's political satire and not his love-poetry that gained him his exaltation at the hands of Dante. Dante

himself is the greatest instance in all history of the way in which the two styles may be united. Petrarch, more than once or twice, turned away from his lover's reveries to send poetical commination against the oppressors and disgracers of Italy.

Besides Michael Angelo's two solemn and impressive curses upon Rome, there are, belonging to this same time, some other poems of his of a satirical sort, but lighter and more grotesque. The most famous and interesting of these is the poem written to commemorate the work on the roof of the Sistine Chapel, and the havoc it had wrought on the painter's constitution. He was bent backward "like a Syrian bow," he says, "with a breast like a harpy's." It is a good-humored piece of comic description — his revenge on the wearisome nature of things which gave him such trouble, alone there on the top of his scaffold, cramped and anxious, carrying on his laborious creation of beauty, which had so long to wait for its Sabbath. There is another scolding poem, against Pistoia, which perhaps was written about the same time. Generally it may be said that in the earliest poems of Michael Angelo of which the date is ascertained, there is a marked absence of the idealism or mysticism characteristic of most of his poetry, and a preponderance of descriptive details very unlike the vagueness of the more abstract later poems. The sonnet written in Bologna in 1507 to the garland, dress, and girdle of his lady (whoever she was), is more luxuriant and mundane in its language than is at all common in the other sonnets. If the others remind an English reader of the collections inscribed "Delia" and "Idea," by Daniel and Drayton, this, on the other hand, recalls rather some of the glowing unphilosophical love poetry of Greene or Lodge. This sonnet to the garland has a place by itself.

The painting of the Sistine Chapel was finished by the beginning of 1513. For many years after that poetic documents are wanting in the life of the artist. The tomb of Julius II., the façade of San Lorenzo in Florence, which he was commissioned to execute by Leo X. (though the pope afterwards released him from the contract), then the sacristy of San Lorenzo and the tombs of Giuliano and Lorenzo de' Medici — these tasks occupied him pretty fully, and wore him out with vexation. In 1527, with the sack of Rome, began the most critical and eventful part of his life. The prelude to the

tragedy was the disturbance in Florence, in which the arm of the "David" was broken by a bench flung out of the palace for the damage of Medicean partisans in the square below. The author of the great statue had likewise to take part and to suffer in the last struggle of Florence against tyranny.

Michael Angelo owed a good deal to different members of the family of Medici, and had no unfriendly feelings to the house which had first recognized his genius and promoted him. But he kept his personal regard subordinate to his public duty. It is to the credit of Clement VII. that he appreciated the position of Michael Angelo, and recognized that the sculptor was not ungrateful to old patrons when he took a side opposed to them in a great political crisis.

The sculptor of the tombs of the Medici was an important person when Florence came to be abandoned by all her allies and left alone against the pope and the emperor. He was made one of the nine military commissioners who were subordinate to the "Eight for War." That was in January, 1529; and in April he was appointed director-general of the fortifications of Florence — not of the city only, where he fortified San Miniato, but of the whole Florentine State. With his wonted energy he flung himself into the study of military defence, and amongst the manuscripts and drawings still to be seen in the Casa Buonarroti none are more curious than the numerous designs of redans, demilunes, and cauponières traced by the hand of the great sculptor. He went to Pisa and Leghorn to see that they were capable of defence, and then to Ferrara, to study the fortifications there, under the courteous explanations of the duke, who did that, and would do no more than that, for the safety of Florence. On returning to the city he gave his attention to the work he had left behind, and very soon found considerable reason for dissatisfaction. The Florentine general was Malatesta Baglioni, of Perugia, a captain and prince of average reputation. Michael Angelo saw evidence that this *condottiere* was plotting to betray Florence. He was amazed at the careless way in which Malatesta seemed to be disposing his artillery round the walls of the hill of San Miniato, that part of Florence to which Michael Angelo had given special attention. Another of the captains was consulted, who had a ready explanation — "the Baglioni were all traitors" — which was true enough. The gonfalonier was informed

of the suspicious circumstances, but he took things very easily, apparently, and ridiculed the nervousness of the great architect, whose works were to be exposed this time to a severer and more violent test than usual. Michael Angelo rebelled against this, despaired of the cause altogether, and fled to Venice, suffering outlawry in his absence, along with other fugitives.

This flight to Venice, nobly made good by a speedy repentance and strenuous labor up to the day of the surrender of Florence, is one of the difficult points in the biography. It seems a sudden and inexplicable suspension of an heroic and consistent course of action. Fear is not a probable explanation. Anger and self-will are more likely motives, more consistent with the rest of the story. Michael Angelo was a responsible magistrate, who found his most serious expostulations rejected and ignored. He knew there was treachery somewhere, and might be pardoned for refusing to sacrifice himself in what promised to be an ignoble scuffle of venal bullies and politicians, rather than a Thermopylæ. Michael Angelo's isolation, which is dwelt upon by every student of his life, is never more apparent than here. His participation in the defence of Florence is like the return of a disembodied spirit to help his brothers in the flesh. There is some caprice mingled with his devotion, and he finds it difficult sometimes to realize the magnitude of the stake. Michael Angelo was an artist above all things, though in 1529 and 1530 he fought like a born man of action. His mind was occupied with its own matters, its own supernatural realm of imagination. He had not in his life that unity which belongs to the born practical man, and which in the highest form of practical life makes it possible for a man to sacrifice himself absolutely to an unselfish end. Michael Angelo was divided between two interests — between the ramparts of San Miniato, and the white blocks waiting for him in the city down below. It was his art, his absorption in his own thoughts, that made him sometimes too disdainful of the life of ordinary citizens, with their meagre and shabby politics; too proud and abstracted, like the great angel whom Dante describes as passing through the "miry street" of hell, and giving no heed to what was about him: —

Poi si rivolse per la strada lorda,
E non fe motto a noi, ma fe sembiante
D' uomo cui altra cura stringa e morda,
Che quella di colui che gli è davante.

Michael Angelo was not inclined to neglect or undervalue the claims of ordinary life. His correspondence shows what sacredness he recognized in his family duties, duties to his father and his brothers, and kinsfolk less nearly related. But one constituent in his disposition, the accompaniment of much that is most impressive in his art and writings, was a melancholy which might easily have turned into misanthropy. He was saved from that by many things, chiefly perhaps by his pursuit of art, his constant occupation, which gave him no time to invent libels against humanity. His charity, however, was not boundless, and he found it only too easy to believe ill of his neighbors, especially of neighbors who were both politicians and Florentines. He was inclined sometimes to take Dante's view of his townsmen, and think of himself as *Florentinus natione non moribus*; perhaps too readily inclined to follow the example of the banished poet, and form a party of his own, consisting of himself. Whenever his two sonnets to Dante were written, they express a constant feeling, which might at any time be awakened, of anger against the capricious inhabitants of the ungrateful city.

Di Dante dico, che mal conosciute
Fur l'opre suo da quel popolo ingrato
Che solo a' iusti manca di salute.

Writing to his father in the year 1512, the year of the sack of Prato and the former restoration of the Medici by the Spaniards, Michael Angelo says that he never had any dealings with people more ungrateful or arrogant than the Florentines. He was thoroughly in earnest about the liberty of the city, but it needed little to rouse this old-established ill-will towards those for whom he was fighting, and it was in such an access of spleen and of scepticism about the cause of Florence that he fled to Venice.

The bad mood passed away; it was only a lovers' quarrel; and Michael Angelo went back to the walls of San Miniato. If it had depended only on Michael Angelo's fortifications, the city would never have been taken. But Malatesta was still there, more dangerous than the Prince of Orange and his beleaguering forces. His treason — not of a very showy or sensational kind — spoilt all the efforts of the Signory and their director-general of fortifications. The defence of Florence was a noble one — free from the reproach of slackness and vacillation incurred by Italian warfare generally in

comparison with that of Swiss and Spaniards. In this last enterprise of the republic there was a courage and perseverance recalling the old times before wealth and idleness had corrupted the warlike spirit of Italy. Ferruccio, the general outside the walls, was as indomitable as any ancient Roman out of the first decade of Livy. This unaided defiance of the emperor and all his men seemed to purify Florence from the sophistications of centuries. She was restored to her pristine and simple strength, and fought with an almost barbarian hardihood. It was a piece of business in which Michael Angelo could take interest. He did not usually trouble himself about statecraft, but this work was what he could understand. It did not require any diplomatic training, but mainly a setting of the teeth and hardening of the heart, such as the natural man could attain to. David at the gate of the Palazzo Vecchio might have stood for the patron of Florence in those days, rather than St. John Baptist.

Ferruccio was killed, and the victory snatched from him; Malatesta Baglioni remained alive. Florence surrendered in August, 1530, after a defence of ten months, and Michael Angelo, when he had evaded the first pursuit of the enemy, went back to the monuments for the sacrists.

The defence and the fall of Florence are recorded, though not directly, in his poetry; most notably in the quatrain upon the statue of Night. This was not a voluntary utterance, but an answer drawn from his brooding silence by the quatrain of an ingenious flatterer. An ordinary complimentary poem had described how this statue was the work of an angel, and was alive: "Waken her, if you doubt, and she will speak to you." Michael Angelo would have kept his thoughts to himself, but for this. His answering poem revealed the secret, showed in what spirit he was working for the family that had murdered the republic: —

'Tis sweet to sleep, and to be stone even so,
While wrong and infamy possess the year;
And great good fortune not to see or hear;
Then wake me not at all: speak low — speak low!

"Mentre che 'l danno e la vergogna dura"
was the continuous burden of his thought, then and afterwards. Another poem is less restrained and plainer in indicating the source of the wrong. It is a dialogue between Florence and her lovers, the exiles: —

The exiles speak —

That many a lover should be blest by thee,
Thy form angelic, lady, first was given:
Is there sleep now in heaven,
That one should hold our heritage in fee?
Unto our litany
Restore the sunlight of thy face, that fails
The men despoiled of that for which they long!

Florence speaks —

O keep your holy loves untainted, free!
For who usurping on your right prevails,
In his great fear enjoys not the great wrong:
The lovers' fortune is less sure and strong,
Which, overglad, is to a surfeit grown,
Than wretchedness fulfilled with hope alone.

Most of the descriptions of tyrants in classical or modern literature are summed up in one line here: "*Col gran timor non gode il gran peccato.*" This renders the whole character of the man who is "full of a multitude of all varieties of lusts and fears," as Plato represented him in the "*Republic*." In the proud and unrepentant, though defeated, champions of liberty, the feeling of loss turns into fortitude; and Michael Angelo — here, as in all his works, more austere than other men, more in love with defeat than with ease — makes a watchword out of their grief, and chooses for himself a share in their fortune, "*una miseria di speranza piena.*" He is on the side of the beggars, outcasts, and rebels, along with Prometheus.

Michael Angelo had to endure domestic as well as public griefs. His favorite brother Buonarroto died in 1528; his father, Lodovico, in 1536. The two deaths are commemorated in a touching poem in *terza rima*, left unfinished by the author. Michael Angelo's relations to his family are, from one point of view, of a very intelligible and simple nature. Most of the family letters have to do with money, and the money passes in one direction, from Michael Angelo to his father and brothers. Lodovico seems to have been a narrow-minded, illiberal man. His son, however, esteemed him; the father was an old friend, though occasionally rather annoying. Michael Angelo apologizes in one letter for having written crossly; they knew that his temper was not very good. That temper was sometimes sorely tried, when the family conceived entirely groundless suspicions of him, in spite of the very real proofs they had received of his good faith and good will. Lodovico Buonarroto, it is true, had occasionally reason to complain of other members of the house. His son Giovan Simone was wanting in Michael Angelo's piety. One of the most interesting letters in the

whole correspondence is that in which Michael Angelo comes to the help of his father against the bad brother. He writes direct to Giovan Simone — a thundering letter: —

Words would be wasted on you. I tell you shortly that you have nothing in the world but what I have given you. I will teach you to threaten your father, and to destroy what you never earned. If I come I will make you weep hot tears, and show you what your arrogance is built on.

This is the strain throughout, though Giovan Simone is told that if he conducts himself properly he will be helped like the rest. As in many of Michael Angelo's letters, there is a postscript more emphatic than what goes before: —

I cannot help writing you two lines further. For twelve years I have gone wandering about Italy, enduring humiliations and hardships, wearing myself out and putting my life to a thousand risks, and all to help my family. When I have begun to do some good, you come and want to muddle and ruin in one hour what I have accomplished with all those years and labors: by the body of Christ, but it shall not be so! for I am ready to make short work of ten thousand of the like of you, if it should come to that. Now be prudent, and give no provocation to people who have other things to vex them.

This letter belongs to the year 1508. Giovan Simone took the warning apparently; at any rate, there was no lasting breach made by this plain speaking, and Michael Angelo was sorry when his brother died. The poem on his father and on Buonarroto is pure elegy. There are other memorial poems in the book, but this is singular, and was written in a mood of personal grief such as produced no other of the various compositions of Michael Angelo.

Pope Clement VII. died in 1534, and the work at San Lorenzo was stopped. Michael Angelo went to Rome and began the fresco of the "*Last Judgment*" in the Sistine Chapel. It was in Rome, probably about the year 1536, that he first came to know Vittoria Colonna, Marchesana di Pescara, whose friendship, whether or not it was the origin of his most philosophical sonnets, at any rate brightened his life in "*a season of calm weather*," which followed on the distresses and anxieties of the years since the sack of Rome.

There is extant one remarkable account of a conversation in which Vittoria and Michael Angelo took part. A certain Francesco d'Olanda, painter, was at that time in Rome in the service of the king

of Portugal. A manuscript narrative of his, dated 1549, describes in a very life-like manner a discussion on various matters, in the spring of 1537, at which he was himself present. The original seems to be still inedited, appealing to some Lisbon copyist to get it printed. Select passages from it, however, were translated into French for a work on Portuguese art by Count A. Raczynski (Paris, 1846), and these have been used by different writers since, such as Reumont, and Grimm in his "*Leben Michelangelo's*." Dialogues were a favorite species of literature at that time, and the writers of them were not compelled to be unremittingly accurate in their details. This one, however, does not appear to have been doctored to such an extent as to obscure the original character of the speakers. They are brought out, in the written report, as they were actually apprehended by the observant note-taker. Francesco d'Olanda had made acquaintance with most of the important artists in Rome, among others with Michael Angelo, whom he came to reverence in a very marked and enthusiastic manner. One Sunday it happened that he went to call on Lattantio Tolomei, who had gone out, leaving a message that he was in the Church of San Silvestro, on the Quirinal, with the Marchesana di Pescara, listening to an exposition of the Epistles of St. Paul by Fra Ambrogio, of Siena.

Francesco went there and found the reading going on. When it was over, Vittoria said: "I think I am right in guessing that Messer Francesco would sooner hear Michael Angelo on painting than Fra Ambrogio on the epistles." This put the other on his defence, and finally, after some encounters of wit, a messenger was despatched to bring Michael Angelo, who very speedily appeared, having been met not far off as he was walking along talking to his servant Urbino.

It is possible that all this may be composition, after the usual manner in the imaginary conversations of that day. Some points, however, are unmistakably true history. In the talk that follows, Michael Angelo has naturally the largest share, and here Francesco records opinions that one may well believe to have been really expressed. One topic dealt with is the accusation against Michael Angelo of singularity and reserve. Artists, he replies, are as human as other men, only they have no time, when they are engaged in their own work, to make sport for idle

people. They are not surly, but they object to be compelled to share in an idle clatter of tongues when they have serious business on hand. Pope Paul III. is the least exacting of men, and does not insist, as lesser people do, that the artist shall sacrifice his true vocation in order to perform amateur duty in the antechamber. That, or something like that, is the apology for artists' neglect of the proprieties. There is one detail which is obviously from nature — Michael Angelo forgetting himself in the heat of conversation with Paul III., and putting on his hat, without being appealed of high treason and beheaded for the crime. Then the dialogue proceeds to the central interest:—

"Messer Lattantio," said Vittoria, "give me a piece of advice! Might I ask Michael Angelo now to give us some explanation on the subject of painting? or would he, do you think, prove that, in spite of all he has said, great men are capricious and inexplicable in their conduct?"

So Michael Angelo is brought to confess his submission to the lady's will. Vittoria asks his opinion about the Flemish school of painters. "It seems to me more pious than the Italian," she says.

The answer is a remarkable one:—

"The Netherlands school," he replied slowly, "will satisfy all people who call themselves pious, more than the Italian. The Flemings will bring tears to their eyes when we leave them cold and unmoved. But the cause is not in the power of the pictures, but in the weak sensibilities of those who are affected. The Flemish school is agreeable to women and girls, clergymen, nuns, and certain people of quality, who have no sense for the true harmony of a work of art. The Netherlands set baits for the eye—they represent either pleasant objects, or such as are revered—saints and prophets. They like clothes, ruins, rivers and bridges, landscapes with trees and figures. All this is attractive, but there is nothing there of true art; neither symmetry, nor careful selection, nor proper grandeur. It is a school of painting without substance or vigor; I will not say that they paint worse than elsewhere. What I blame them for is that they bring into one picture a crowd of things, of which one would be subject enough for a whole work by itself, so none of them can be treated in perfection. The Italian art is the only true art, though, if other countries painted so, the name would have to be changed. True art is noble and pious, through the spirit in which it works. For those who understand, nothing can make the soul so pure as the labor to produce something perfect; for God is perfection, and who seeks perfection seeks the Divine. True painting is only a copy of the perfection of

God, a shadow of the brush with which He paints. Only a quickened understanding, however, can feel wherein the difficulty lies. And therefore is true art so rare, and so few those who attain to it.

"It is only in this country that good painting is possible. Compare a master from some other land with a pupil who has studied in Italy. You will find that the Italian scholar, as far as true art is concerned, will beat the foreign master. So true is this that even Albert Dürer, with all his ability and sensitiveness, could not, if he tried, paint anything that would pass for an Italian work; good or bad, it could be told at once for something that no Italian and no Italian school had produced.

"Our art is the art of ancient Greece. But it is not because a painting is Italian, it is because it is good and correct, that people say it is painted by an Italian hand. Art belongs to no country, but descends from heaven. It is to us, however, that art has come. Nowhere are there such relics of the old glory. I believe that with us true art will perish."

The remarkable thing about this piece of art criticism is certainly not that Michael Angelo should have spoken it, but that it should have been preserved in this fortunate manner by the quick-witted stranger who made such good use of his stay in Rome. Francesco d'Olanda does not take up much room in the biography of Michael Angelo. There is one letter from Lisbon, dated August 15, 1553, in which he does his best to keep himself remembered by Michael Angelo, trying, rather pathetically, to revive the old interests and acquaintances belonging to the bright time of his Roman studies, when he had been admitted to the company of Lattantio Tolomei and of the Marchesana di Pescara. His genuine admiration of Rome, of Michael Angelo, of all art, ancient and modern, and of all scholarship, his unmistakable enjoyment of life — these qualities give no small value to his record. The opinions put in the mouth of Michael Angelo may not, indeed, have been expressed in that way exactly, they may have been to some extent common property of the critics — ideas caught up by the inquisitive note-taker and put out under the most distinguished of all artistic names. But the general dramatic description of the circle of Vittoria Colonna, and of her way of life and manner of speaking, may be taken for true history.

It is probably better also to believe that the ideas about art contained in the dialogue are really Michael Angelo's. We know from Condivi how he found fault with "Alberto Duro" for want of science in his treatise on the proportion of the

body. The doctrine that art does not work for the edification of the pious, is one which requires enunciation by the greatest authority, Michael Angelo or Goethe, before the general public can accept it or pretend to accept it. The distinction between the art which tries to touch the hearts of soft-hearted people ("Ach, die zärtlichen Herzen! ein Pfuscher vermag sie zu ruhren!") and the art which knows what is beautiful and follows perfection through close study of the resources of art, — this distinction may have been more congenial in Rome in 1537 than in some other places and times, but it can never have been obvious or commonplace or unworthy of the advocacy of Michael Angelo. In connection with his own art and with his poetry it has a curious suggestiveness. For it has been the fortune of Michael Angelo, as was maintained above, to impress the puritanic and ascetic northern imagination in that manner which he despised — that is to say, by the "lesson" or "meaning" of his works, by the tragic character shown in the "Moses" or the "Penseroso" of San Lorenzo, rather than by the art of his statues or paintings. His poems in like manner are not valued, as those of Petrarch are, for their perfection, but for the ideas that make such havoc among the poor words, the words incompetent to hold the meaning, the aspiration, of the poet. The great danger attending on his works is that they may be taken to encourage the artistic careers of people with designs upon the sensitive heart, people who can recognize the sublimity of the Titanic figures, and think it is attained by neglect of details; people who trust in their good intentions to produce something terrible, passionate, and immortal. This fragment of conversation on the difference between the art which knows its business and the art which knows its sentimental patrons should be kept in evidence to prove how far Michael Angelo was from condoning any remissness in execution for the sake of any laudable unrealized good wishes.

The friendship of Vittoria and Michael Angelo, as represented by this observer, was of the kind which one would expect from the few records left in their correspondence. That religion went for something with them is beyond a question, though too much has been made by some writers of the relations between Vittoria and the unorthodox party of Ochino — with whom Michael Angelo, at any rate, can have had no very close sympathy.

Both Michael Angelo and the Marchioness of Pescara were to a great extent outside the turmoil of theological controversy. It was not theology that engaged them; it was the religion which had grown up in the grave years of their withdrawal from the multitude. Vittoria in the retirement of her widowhood, Michael Angelo in his solitary occupation with the fresco of the "Last Judgment," held similar opinions about life and death. External influences need not be made to count for too much. She was acquainted with the members of the Oratory; he had listened in his youth to Savonarola — the subject of one of his earliest letters home — and had read much in the Bible. All these accidental circumstances, we may imagine, were less powerful with them than the temper which had been moulded by years of sorrow and depression, and which had made them alike melancholy, alike resigned. Their letters and the notes of Francesco d'Olanda represent them, it will be remarked, as reasonable persons, not as Platonic lovers. Michael Angelo, past his sixtieth year, was not likely to revive the fantastic devotion of some of the vainest of the troubadours. In a few poems he expressed his deep and sincere regard, escaping in verse from the conventionalities that in prose and daily life concealed and hampered his true feelings. In these poems he left the memorial of the secret life of his soul, as he realized it to himself in the rarer moments of insight. These poems of vision were widely different from the extravagant rhymes of Provence, inasmuch as they grew out of a sober and rational friendship, which could last from day to day, while the raptures of Peire Vidal and all his companions, down to the immortal lover of Dulcinea, were best elaborated in the absence of the divinity, and, indeed, required a minimum of acquaintance altogether. Vittoria Colonna treated Michael Angelo as a friend who could be trusted, whose mind was always ready to help her, and who himself might be in want of support and strengthening. She was not one of the learned ladies who exact punctilious homage from their literary or artistic vassals and courtiers. She wrote once from the convent at Viterbo, where she was staying, to warn him against spending too much time in writing to her, and encroaching on that which ought to be spent with his paintings in the Pauline Chapel in the Vatican. She says that she knows how steadfast their friendship is, their most sure affection, close knit in religion; that she needs no further proof of it, and will

not, by her letters, give him further occasion for replying, but will wait till she can do him substantial service. It is a letter which could only have passed between friends who were very confident in one another. Between less cordially related persons, such a prohibition might have roused a suspicion of coldness. Here there can be no mistake about the sincerity of the motive, the true solicitude of Vittoria for her friend's progress in his work and his religion.

In a letter to his nephew Lionardo, in 1550, Michael Angelo mentions some of the gifts of the great lady, who had died three years before, in February, 1547. She gave him, he says, a parchment manuscript containing a hundred and three of her sonnets, and from the cloister in Viterbo she sent him forty more, as they were composed. That Michael Angelo sent her poems of his own is proved by a sonnet in his own hand, followed by a letter of thanks for presents — presents, whatever they may have been, which, when they came into his house, came, he says, not as guests but as lords, and turned the place into a heaven. The sonnet is only an occasional poem, on the same subject as the letter, arguing the baseness of those people who try to show their gratitude by repaying favors, as if they found it burdensome to be indebted to any benefactor. It is a courteous message, sent probably near the beginning of their friendship by the hands of the faithful Urbino. It is not easy to say which of all the other extant poems were addressed to Vittoria. It is certain enough that none of the later poems, many of which are definitely religious in subject, can have been independent of the friendship for Vittoria. But of only a small number of poems can it be affirmed that they were written for her, and for no imaginary and no less noble lady. Of these the finest and most significant is that in which he describes himself in his present nature and condition, as a mere rough sketch or model, from which the lady, an artist of virtue, will fashion him into perfection: —

When the divine and perfect art has conceived the form and mien of a certain one, it makes first of all a model out of some gross substance; and this is the earliest birth of its imagination. The second is when out of living stone the promises of the mallet are accomplished, and the image is born anew, so beautiful that no power can set a bound to its eternity. In like manner was I born, first, the model of myself, the model, to be fashioned afresh, into a thing more perfect, by you, most

high and noble lady. Your pity moulds me, taking away here and supplying there: ah! what chastening, what reproof, is set as penance to my wild nature!

Metaphors drawn from painting and sculpture — especially sculpture — recur frequently in the poems, and always seem to bring with them an increase of passion and insight. The great sonnet on which Varchi commented may or may not have been written for Vittoria — there is no evidence; but, at any rate, it stands naturally by the side of that poem of the model, as another poem in which the processes of art are transferred by a mystical analogy to the way in which the soul is influenced, as if by some plastic artist. Here the idea is that all the shapes of art are potential in the matter from which the artist extricates them; and that, in a similar way, it lies with the lover, as artist, to bring out of the soul of the beloved the image corresponding to his desire. But some of those artists find that their work rebels against them; instead of the answering image of love, their art produces an image of desolation and dismay.

There's no idea of the sculptor's mind,
Which marble does not in its mass contain.
The artist's hand, serving his wit, will gain
The image in superfluous stone confined.
The death I flee from, with my life combined,
Thou keepest, lady of the high disdain,
As in the block the god; and I would fain
Shape love and life, but all my art is blind.

Then neither chance, nor fate, nor power
above,
Nor thy great beauty, lady, nor thy scorn,
Is guilty of the wreck that followeth,
If in thy soul thou guardest death and love,
And all my pitiful base craft forlorn,
For all its labor, shape not love but death.

These two sonnets are the two most striking instances of the manner in which Michael Angelo turns his art of the chisel and mallet into an allegory of the soul. Besides these, there are many other variations of the same conception, sometimes with a curious suggestion of scholasticism, as in the twelfth madrigal, where there is a repetition of the appeal to the artist, who is to purge away the gross encumbering matter from his soul. There it is said of sculpture that it creates by taking away; a view repeated again in the letter to Varchi about art criticism, and probably acceptable to scholars not so much from its literal truth as from its suggestion of Aristotelian matter and form and scholastic catch-words like *tollendo ponens*. It will not fail to be observed, either, how well this idea lends itself to

the ascetic imagination of the purifying and refining of the soul from dross — an imagination which is anything but unpoetical, though it may seem, at first, to belong to the Puritanic spirit that proscribes poetry and the vanities of art. But poetry and art do not need any officious defence against the Puritans, and can sometimes take for their own the language of the mystics and the Neo-Platonists: —

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
Fool'd by these rebel powers that thee array;
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?

To Shakespeare, as to Michael Angelo, the thought was familiar that the soul may possibly advance and grow through negation of the flesh, which itself is negative and an encumbrance: —

So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on
men,
And Death once dead, there's no more dying
then.

The metaphor from sculpture is not the only one used in the poems to Vittoria. More simply he writes to her, in one of the madrigals: "Doubting and uncertain where my advantage lies, I give myself a blank sheet to your pen, that you may write the truth there." Instruction, guidance — that is the boon he seeks to have granted him.

There are four sonnets and a madrigal written in memory of Vittoria Colonna. The most touching of them is that in which he complains of his long life; his ill fortune in surviving her. Death should have come to him, he says, *before the sun went down*. In many another place he complains of the weariness of long life. At the death of Vittoria Colonna he had seventeen years to live. He was made architect of St. Peter's in that year, being nearly seventy-two, and had several other tasks to finish before the end.

None of the other idealistic poems have the same personal interest as the appeals to Vittoria for help in his overburdened pilgrimage. There are, further, two distinct classes, before mentioned — the poems made out of artificial conceits, and the poems which celebrate the artist's worship of the idea of beauty. Again and again he returns to the old Platonic myth of the heavenly true beauty, of which all beauty on earth is a reflection. This philosophy has come to sound almost meaningless, or worse, in the ears of modern nominalists, who associate it with futile and perfunctory eclecticism in phi-

losophy, with rhetorical treatises on the true, the good, and the beautiful. That the theory should have been adopted and passionately believed by one of the greatest of artists may, however, suggest problems to those who would shut their ears to the lecturing of a professional philosopher. That the man who labored harder than any other artist at the preliminary drudgery out of which beauty is evolved, and who expressly scorned the easy way chosen by the Netherland artists with their pious sentiment—that this man should have believed in the vague, mystical philosophy of an ideal, unseen beauty is a crucial instance against the nominalist objectors. The nominalist objectors say it is only very youthful or very well-paid and comfortable philosophers who now believe to any extent in the wisdom of Diotima in Plato's "Symposium." But Michael Angelo believes in that wisdom, in spite of all his hatred of pretence in art, and of calculated assaults upon the pious heart of sensibility. Strong as is his belief in the duty of the painter to paint good pictures that will stand scientific criticism in detail, his belief is stronger that this command over the materials and the exact science of painting is valueless apart from the maintaining and inspiring idea of beauty, which is eternal.

In Blake, one of the greatest of modern idealists, there is a similar apparent contradiction, between his contempt of what he called the vegetable world, and his insistence on perfect command of minute particulars in all the different ranges of man's activity. The ideal, whatever it is, is not a general notion or an abstraction.

Imagination is the real or eternal world of which this vegetable universe is but a faint shadow, and in which we shall live in our eternal or imaginative bodies, when these vegetable mortal bodies are no more.

But imagination does not gain its victories by getting away from the variety and multiplicity of the vegetable world.

He who would do good to another must do it in minute particulars; general good is the plea of the scoundrel, hypocrite, and flatterer. For art and science cannot exist but in minutely organized particulars, and not in generalizing demonstrations of the rational power. The infinite alone resides in definite and determinate identity.*

The most positive of philosophers must recognize the genuineness of Michael An-

gelo's philosophic creed, and not less the strength he derived from it. His idealism was not a weak and luxurious dream, but the very passion of artistic creation, which drove him to ceaseless work. In finding expression for the ideal, he was expressing the unseen beauty which was to him the most real of all things, being the essence of himself. With all his long and crushing labor, he has still the first freshness of hope such as inspired those about Dante in their praise of "the brave translunary things." Like Dante, he remembers, even in the heights of the ideal vision, all the real details which it is his business as an artist to know and to use.

If it is difficult to interpret aright the more philosophical poems of Michael Angelo, another difficulty presents itself with regard to the unphilosophical love poems, which seem very often to be made of mere average phrases and ideas, common property of the rhymers. When were those conventional poems written, and why? There is no answer to that question. Some of them, doubtless, were written as experiments in composition; others have sprung from attachments or fancies of which all other traces have been lost. Many of his madrigals were set to music, and may have been written for that purpose, to satisfy some friend, without any very serious meaning. In the biography by Gotti, some specimens of the music are given, as recovered after careful search in old collections. One of them, set by Bartolomeo Tromboncino, comes from a song-book printed in Naples in 1519. The music of the other two is by Archadelt, a Fleming, whom the Italians called Arcadente, and whose book of "Madrigali a quatro voci" was published in Venice in 1565. Those madrigals for music were not work of his early years only. Archadelt did not come to Rome till about 1530; he was made master of the children of the choir of St. Peter's in 1539, and in 1542 a letter from Michael Angelo to Luigi del Riccio conveys the poet's thanks to the musician.

Though many of the poems have the appearance of exercises in the favorite style, not essentially different from that of the unwearied court poets of the early Provençal and Sicilian schools, there are others which are neither philosophical nor yet conventional, though they are full of thought. One of the favorite ideas of Michael Angelo, as of Shakespeare, is that of the power of art to withstand the encroachments of time. It is not to his verse that Michael Angelo looks for

* Blake's Jerusalem, quoted in Gilchrist's Life, vol. I., pp. 235-6.

security against "death and all oblivious enmity."

'Tis strange, Madonna, yet we know 'tis so,
From long experience, that all forms endure,
More living, in the sculptor's stone secure,
However with the years the sculptors go!
Thus effects rise, though causes be brought
low,

And art outshines all natural things obscure;
I know this, and my proof has been made
sure,
In works that time nor death can overthrow.

Thus, length of days to us my art will give,
In painting or hewn marble, putting on
The likeness of our faces, thine and mine:
A thousand years will pass, and we shall
live:—

"How fair she was, and he how woe-be-
gone!"

They'll say, and read my wisdom in that sign.

Then, again, he has a fancy which recurs to him in his meditations on the way to outwit Time and "that churl, Death"—"il tempo ingiurioso aspro e villano." How, if the old theory of the Greek philosopher be true, that the soul is born again in future ages in a new body? Then when he and his lady are born again into the world her soul will surely have learned something of compassion, and in that new time will be gracious to him, as hitherto she has never been. On other occasions he uses the old rebellious language of the troubadours, and of Aucassin. He will choose rather hell with his love than heaven alone. Some of the first Italian poets had been of this opinion:—

Senza Madonna non vi vorria gire,
Quella ch' ha bionda testa e chiaro viso,

says Jacopo da Lentino, in the time of Sordello and Frederick II. And in spite of centuries of sophistication and civilization, in spite of the lectures of the Platonists, and the sermons of Fra Girolamo, Michael Angelo finds it possible to sympathize with the beautiful unreasoning old blasphemy. Elsewhere, giving a new turn to the thought, he says that in heaven his lady would take away his mind from God. It will be evident that the sonnets and madrigals are very far from being all in one strain. There is a considerable interval between the sonnet to the garland, in 1507, and the artificial arrangements of fires and sighs in other poems; between the simple hyperboles of native and uncultivated poetry, such as those just mentioned, and the ecstatic visions of the sonnets to Vittoria Colonna.

There are many other kinds of poetry, besides the different kinds already noticed,

LIVING AGE. VOL. LXIII. 3254

to be found in Michael Angelo's collected writings. The number of personal poems increases as his life goes on: Luigi del Riccio, Vasari, Monsignor Lodovico Baccadelli, Archbishop of Ragusa, all are addressed by him in rhyme on one occasion or another. Luigi del Riccio was one of his closest friends, in spite of a quarrel recorded in a stormy letter, and fortunately made up before Luigi's death in 1546. He corresponded with Michael Angelo constantly, made a collection of his poems, and tended him once when he was ill. He was very intimate with Donato Giannotti, the Florentine patriot, and these two seem at one time to have been Michael Angelo's chief allies—standing nearer to him, for instance, than his own relations, or the painter, Sebastian del Piombo. Giannotti in 1545 wrote two remarkable dialogues on Dante, in which he himself, Michael Angelo, and Luigi del Riccio appear. These dialogues are probably more literary and less authentic than that reported by Francesco d'Olanda, but they belong to the records of Michael Angelo's life, and testify, if for nothing more, at least to the estimation in which his friends held him. In 1544 a curious literary correspondence took place between Michael Angelo and Luigi del Riccio. A young kinsman of Luigi's, Cecchino Bracci, died in Rome early in that year. Michael Angelo wrote not one epitaph but a whole series, and sent them to his friend. This series is almost as strange to modern habits of literature as the long elaborate discourse of Varchi upon the text of a single sonnet. But the piety of friendship and of regret which produced this elaborate monument needs no explanation. One of the epitaphs may be here set down, on account of its likeness to the pathetic funeral poem addressed by Catullus to Calvus: "Si quicquam mutis gratum acceptumve sepulcris:"—

Cecchino speaks—

More than in life, more dear shall I remain,
Though dead, more near to thee; and if the
longer
Our severance is, thy love shall still be
stronger,
And death be good to me, and loss be gain.

In the last seventeen years, during which he was working chiefly as architect of St. Peter's, Michael Angelo's sonnets and madrigals cast off a good deal of their Platonism and became simpler. They are the lamentations in which he complained of the vanity of human wishes, the ejaculations of his desire to escape from the

tempests of earth. Many of them were, like the earlier and less religious poems, circulated among his private friends, and some have direct reference to events in his life. He felt most keenly the attacks of his enemies, which embittered his days, though they did not in the least diminish his courage or alter his purposes. He had endured libellous reproaches during great part of his career; in 1545 the master blackguard Aretino had galled him with his impudent admonitions about the impropriety of the picture of the "Judgment," and his deadlier insinuations of dishonesty, in failure to perform the contract about the monument of Julius II. After having read Aretino for instruction in manners, Michael Angelo had to listen to the detractions of his envious architectural rivals. They tried to displace him from his post, but Michael Angelo stood firm; and, when the enemy got the pope to listen to them, told Julius III. that he would not admit any criticism or give any account of his designs, and described the pope's duties in regard to the architecture of St. Peter's as being limited to finding the money. But though he showed in this way the old spirit of defiance, he was not proof altogether against the adversary. He could not, as he put it himself, see the work spoilt and given over to a pack of thieves; but the fight was a severe one. "If vexation and shame could kill, I should not be alive now," he wrote to Vasari. It was in this period of anxiety and hard work that he poured forth his latest elegies, his indictments against the world.

One of his finest sonnets is sent to Vasari in a letter beginning with a gibe at his enemies: "My dear friend Messer Giorgio, — You will say that I am old and doting, to have taken to making sonnets. But many people will have it that I am getting childish, and I have decided to act accordingly." The sonnet was printed in Vasari's "Lives of the Artists," and is representative of most of the poetry written by Michael Angelo about this period; though in no other piece is there the same weariness, not only of the temptations of the mortal life, but of the art which he had made *idolo e monarca*: —

TO GIORGIO VASARI.

The voyage of my life is all but done:
Over a stormy sea my shallop-frail
Draws to the common haven, where the tale
Is counted of the works of every one.
"What freights of error!" (thus the reckon-
ings run)
"Desires that in a man's own spite prevail,

And vain imagination, crying hail
To art the tyrant on his idol throne!"

Of early amorous longings, light and gay,
What resteth, if the twofold death be mine?
(One death is sure, and one has sore alarms;)
Painting nor sculpture can have power to stay
The soul appealing to the Love Divine,
Who on the cross to save us stretched his
arms.

The date of this is September 19, 1554. Many of the religious poems which belong to this period resemble other undated poems which may very possibly have been written earlier. References to old age are not much of a criterion, for Michael Angelo had a right to call himself old long before he began to think of putting the dome on St. Peter's. The undated poems, "De contemptu mundi," are, whatever the time of their composition, to be taken along with the sonnets to Vasari and the Archbishop of Ragusa, written about the eightieth year of the author's life.

In some of the madrigals he cries to be released from the trouble of living: —

By keenest ice beset, by burning fire,
By years and woes, and now by shame har-
rassed,
The future in the past
I mirror, and my hope is sorrow and pain;
The joys that swift expire
A burden are, like curses that remain;
Of fortune, good and evil, of them twain
That weary of me, I would have release:
The blessing of the years is that they cease,
And time is best approved when time is flown
Since sorrow is assuaged by death alone.
(Madrigal lxxxiii.)

He finds small profit in length of life, which is subject continually to storms and snares of the passions: —

Led by so many years to my last day,
Full late, O world, thy flatteries I divine;
Thou holdest out a peace that is not thine,
And rest, that ere its dawning dies away.
The shame and the dismay
Of years that draw to closing,
One thing alone renew,
The old sweet fatal sway,
Though all therein reposing
Destroy the soul and small delight ensue;
I say, and hold it true,
As of myself, that he is chiefly blest,
Who being born makes ending speediest.
(Madrigal lxxviii.)

The depression, the self-reproach of this are exchanged in another poem for prayer and self-surrender: —

Under what sharpest fire,
O stricken soul, comes wasting and decrease
To thy tired carcase? When will Time re-
lease

Thee from thy bondage, and restore to heaven,
Where thou wert pure erewhile?
Though my old slough be riven
In these last years, soon sped,
I cannot change my antique habitude
That daily plagues the more, and overpowers.
Love, may I be forgiven,
For that I bear such envy of the dead!
Confounded and subdued,
My soul is fearful for herself, and cowers:
Lord, in the latest hours,
Around me let thy pitying arms be thrown!
Teach me thy will: defend me from mine own.
(Madrigal xcvi.)

The three madrigals here paraphrased may serve as illustrations of the biography and of certain sonnets which refer to definite events. One of the greatest griefs suffered by Michael Angelo in his old age came from the death of his attached follower, Urbino. Urbino, the stonecutter, came to be the trusted friend of his master; in Francesco d'Olanda's narrative, Michael Angelo is walking with Urbino when Vittoria Colonna's message reaches him; Urbino shares with Michael Angelo the good wishes with which Vittoria concludes her letter from the convent. Urbino died in December, 1555. Michael Angelo shortly after wrote a very touching letter to Vasari, describing his own state; his great sorrow for his loss, and thankfulness for the good example which the loyal servant had given him. "Death pained him less than having to leave me behind in this treacherous world; though indeed the better part of me has gone with him, and nothing remains to me but an infinite wretchedness." A letter of 1558 to Urbino's widow is, like all the other letters of Michael Angelo when any good deed has to be done, full of consideration and kindness; and matter-of-fact at the same time, as if it were quite a natural thing to take trouble for the sake of others. The year after Urbino's death Michael Angelo for a time went into the mountain country of Spoleto, and appears in that solitude, and in the company of the hermits there, to have discovered a mode of the contemplative life which he had not before imagined. The charm of the forest came upon him, for once at least in his life, and blended with his sad meditations. He was loth to return to the city.

The death of Urbino is connected with a sonnet addressed to another friend of higher rank — Monsignor Lodovico Baccadelli, whose portrait by Titian is in the tribune of the Uffizi, and who, in 1555, had gone, somewhat against his will, to his Adriatic cathedral. The archbishop,

apparently, had at one time hoped to receive Michael Angelo and Urbino. But the distance and the obstacles to travelling were too great. The Archbishop of Ragusa, perhaps remembering Ovid among the Goths, wrote a sonnet to Michael Angelo from his banishment — not the first which had passed between them. The Alps were bad enough, he says, when he was coming down into Italy; the mountain gloom is intolerable when he is kept in a foreign land: —

If hopefully I crossed the German snow,
Crossed the high Alps in hope, and left my home

To see you, Michelagnolo, and Rome,
And spite of hoping, found it pain to go:
Consider, now my westerling sun is low,
And all before me is the great sea's foam,
And round me mountains, and rude heathendom,
What comfort is there that my heart can know?

A voice celestial is my only guide,
That speaks within my soul from day to day,
Saying: "Take this new cross; let it abide
A ladder up to heaven, so that you may,
If safe you cross the narrow earthly tide,
Have with your Buonarroti joyous stay."

To which Michael Angelo sent the following answer, containing the thoughts which he had already put into his letter to Vasari: —

God's cross and grace, my Lord, and many a pain
May give us hope to meet in Paradise:
Still, ere the last breath go, might some device
Bring us together here on earth again!
Though seas and Alps and stony ways detain
One from the other, yet no cowardice
Gains on the soul, for any snow or ice;
The wings of thought have neither leash nor rein.

With those wings I can always fly to you,
And with you mourn Urbino, who is dead,
Who might have helped me, had he lived, to win
Your home, as we proposed; but I pursue
Another course, and by his death am led
Where he awaits my coming at his Inn.

After this it does not seem possible to fix the date of any of the poems. The letters to Lionardo his nephew continue till within two months of his death. The last of them is given in facsimile by Gotti. It thanks the nephew for a present of cheeses — a Christmas present, for the letter is written on December 28, 1563 — and explains the reason why some letters have been left unanswered. "My hand is failing me, and in future I shall make other

people write for me, and sign the letters. No more at present." In spite of the complaint of difficulty in writing, there is only a slight shakiness visible in the lines, and the words are almost as carefully formed as in the handwriting of thirty years earlier. He was known, however, to be growing very frail, and on February 18, 1564, Michael Angelo died — *per resolutione*, as it was put by one witness — from old age and general decay.

His poetical work can never be widely popular, even among those who read old books. It is impossible that it should ever be forgotten; it is a different thing from the "flattery and fustian" of decadent Italian literature. Its ideas and style may often be hard to understand, and may in many cases be derived from a bad school of artificial and affected poetry. There is little danger, however, that Michael Angelo will ever come to be confounded with the unendurable Petrarchist rhetoricians. After the labors of the editor of the poems and of the other eminent scholars who since the beginning of the century have illustrated the history of Michael Angelo, very little study is needed to get rid of the accidental hindrances to proper comprehension. But it may be that the best security for Michael Angelo's poetical fame is the popular recollection of the four lines of the "Night," which are the key to almost all the verses he ever wrote.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
AN ELIE RUBY.

It was cowslip-time on the Elie links. Every howe and hillock was yellow with them, and their delicate odor was wafted by the breeze down to the sandy shore of the sea.

In a hollow where, during the storms of spring, the south wind driving the sand up among the bent, and the north wind blowing it back again, had between them piled a long, wavy drift, Nellie Davidson sat with her lap full, tying a cowslip ball. She had made them every year since she was a baby, and this year there were more flowers and finer ones than she ever remembered. So she had gathered handfuls; and now she sat putting them firmly together; then she tied them, and tossed her ball high in the air by way of finish. Down it fell on the dry bent; she picked it up and buried her face in its balmy delicious roundness. All the sweet florets clustered together, and each curved,

creamy petal was dotted with dainty touches of red. "Those be rubies, fairy favors," she repeated to herself, recalling what the old minister had said once long ago when he met her picking them. The words were so pretty, they always came back to her mind when the links were gay with her favorite flower.

As she thought of them to-day, they suggested something else. Elie was famous locally for its rubies (or, to be correct, garnets), and she meant to spend the afternoon looking for them among the gray gravel on the beach. The best place was further on among the rocks below the Lady's Tower. She gathered up her remaining cowslips and stuck them into the breast of her gown, and throwing her ball up and catching it again as she went along, she took a short path across the links.

It was a perfect day in early summer — the sky blue, with little feathery white clouds here and there, unmoved by winds. Away and away up overhead the larks sang out of sight, and the wide sea to the southward was pale-turquoise-colored. On its still expanse one or two fishing-boats, with ruddy brown sails, were waiting for the wind to bring them in. As Nellie paused a minute to watch them, she could hear distinctly the rattling sound of the heavy oars moving in the rowlocks of the nearest, quite a mile away, as the crew, weary of waiting, were fain to row to the harbor. They were bound for Elie — or "the Ailie," as true Fife folk call it.

As she pursued her leisurely way eastward, looking towards the little fisher-town of St. Monans — with its cottages gathered as if for protection round its ancient church, whose square-towered, pointed belfry is a landmark far and near — looking along the links, she saw, crossing them beyond the Lady's Tower, which she had almost reached, a tall, familiar figure, with the picturesque outline peculiar to fishermen. It was Walter Lindsay, and he was coming this way.

Walter and Nellie were "long acquaint," as they would have said; and the neighbors would have told you, moreover, that they were keeping company. But here, as is usually the case, rumor outran fact — although, had the neighbors seen the look of pleasure in Nellie's big blue eyes, or read her secret thoughts, they would have plumed themselves on their prophetic powers.

Nellie's mother was a widow — and one of those meek, quiet women for whom widowhood seems to extinguish all active

interest in life. Her only brother, much younger than she was, had been taken in hand by an uncle in Colinsburgh, who owned a boat at the Elie, and with him and his sons Johnnie spent all his time. So Nellie was left pretty much to the freedom of her own will. She had excelled in needlework at school, and had since been "at the sewing," as elementary dressmaking is called in Scotland. She kept her own dress neat and dainty, and had an intuitive sense of what was becoming. She looked very bonnie now standing in the sunshine, which lit up her pretty brown hair with glints of gold—it was snooded back with a bit of blue ribbon—and her gown was of some dark-blue cotton stuff, made quite simply, and expressing the grace of her figure. On Sundays, indeed, she adorned herself with a much more elaborate toilet—copied from the Edinburgh glories of the wardrobe of Miss Crawford at Earlsferry House; and as Walter Lindsay had of late volunteered his help in the choir, and sat opposite Nellie at the other side of the precentor's square table, her pretty face and her "Sabbath claes" were present to his eyes for a long time on Sunday, and to his heart all the rest of the week.

Walter lived in St. Monans, and he also had a widowed mother—but she was a very different type of widow—red-faced, imperious, and evil-tongued, in so much that Walter's home with her was very far from happy. His father, people said, had been a quiet, douce-tempered man, most long-suffering in his married life; and when the sea claimed him and all his crew in one wild winter storm ten years ago, for his sake much sympathy had been felt for his widow, and much kindness shown to her and the boy Walter. But as time went on and sympathy died out, the neighbors felt it more and more difficult to show kindness to a woman who took all their little gifts without a pretence of gratitude, who was as unwilling to do an hour's work for them as she was ready to demand their help and service for herself, who borrowed what she never returned, and was ready to find fault if you said a word to her.

The neighborly debt of kindness came therefore to be paid more and more exclusively to Walter, who grew up a general favorite, and had a place and a welcome at any fireside he chose to visit. He was a fine lad—frank-faced and kind-hearted, strong and active about his work, and ready to do many a little handy turn for his friends. He could whistle like a

mavis—and sing too—and had a blithe, hearty way with him that was very popular. As he grew up—learning every day more and more of his father's craft as he hung about the pier of St. Monans, and was taken out now in this boat, now in that—his work came to be worth wages, and for three years past he had "hired," sometimes to one boat-owner, sometimes to another, but chiefly with his friends the Laings in St. Monans, a family of four strapping sons under the rule of their father, a regular old viking of a fisherman.

One day, some business on behalf of old Jamie Laing taking him over to the Elie, he saw, standing at the door of her mother's cottage at the Toft (as the fisher-houses there were called) bonnie Nellie Davidson.

She was slighter in build and gentler in manners than any of the fisher-girls he was accustomed to see. The charm of a pretty girl's face, as of a flower, is so individual a thing, that comparisons between one and another are unnecessary. Walter did not stop to compare her with any of the St. Monans girls. She was at once and forever peerless in his eyes. But beyond an ingenuity in making errands for himself to the Elie, and, as I have said, joining the choir of the church there, ostensibly from friendship to the precentor, he gave few signs of the attraction he felt. He sat and "glowered" at her all the time of the sermon, however, as Nellie soon perceived; and after several attempts to meet his eyes and snub the ardor of their expression by her cold looks, she had been worsted, and in self-defence obliged to look away.

Then when they rose to sing, she felt he listened for her voice and matched his own with it, as can only be done of intent, and her feminine instincts once on the alert soon conveyed to her numberless hints of his devotion, all-convincing in some moods of mind, and explainable into nothingness at other times, so that with no word of love spoken between them these two young hearts were wrapt in that atmosphere of endless doubt and delicious hope, that golden haze of imagination technically called a love-affair.

As Nellie stood now on a thyme-grown knoll of the links watching Walter's approach, the path he followed led him down to the beach and out of her sight. She knew he must reappear in a few moments climbing up the rocks on which stood the Lady's Tower, and that then he would be sure to see her. Quick as thought she

turned and ran down to the shore on this side of the ruin, and having a moment before made up her mind to meet and have a chat with Walter, she now took pains to hide herself in the angle formed by two big boulders, where she could only be seen from the sea, and taking up handfuls of the fine black and grey sand, she let it run through her fingers and absorbed herself in watching for the red sparkle of rubies amid the falling grains. Her heart beat loud in her ears, conscious how nearly she and Walter had met, and either this or the interest she forced herself to give to her search kept her from hearing his approaching footsteps until they were close to her hiding-place, then in sudden alarm she looked up just as his burly figure came round the rocks and stood between her and the sea.

There was a moment's pause, and then he said with a shy smile, "I kent ye were here."

Nellie strove to seem indifferent. "I cam' to seek rubies," she said; "there's an awfu' heap o' them in the sand aboot here."

"An' I cam' to seek you," said Walter, with a sudden eloquence delightfully astonishing to himself, and discomfiting to poor Nellie, who blushed to the tips of her pretty little ears, and bent her head over the sand with an air of greater occupation than before.

Having made so good a beginning, Walter's confidence in himself increased, and in a vague way, half inspiration, half intention, he resolved to follow it up. He seated himself, accordingly, on the sloping grey shingle at her feet, with his back against one of the boulders forming her little nook; and on the pretence of sharing Nellie's search for rubies, bent his head until it was on a level with hers.

Nellie's heart beat louder than before, and she cast about, as women will, for some means of escape from the declaration in prospect. The first point undoubtedly was to seem at ease. In an easy tone she inquired, therefore, "An' whae telt ye I was here?"

Walter saw she was afraid to look up, and, indeed, she was too conscious of the ardor of his gaze to encounter it. "Folk hae w'ys o' kennin' things," he said oracularly, "an' flogers dinna grow in this fashion o' themself's, 'at I ken o'." As he spoke, he opened his hand — there lay her cowslip ball!

"Gie me it!" cried Nellie, forgetting her tactics and holding out her hand; "whaur did ye fin' it?"

"Wait a wee," said Walter; "them 'at fin's keeps, an' it's mine noo. I fand it up on the links, an' I kent the lavrocks cudna mak' sic things."

He waited, expecting Nellie to ask again for the flowers, but she was wary; pretending to continue her search for rubies, she watched him turning over the cowslip ball in the palm of his big brown hand in a gingerly fashion, as if he feared his touch might bruise it.

"They're real bonnie," he said at last; "it beats me to ken hoo ye mak' them gang a' thegither like that; ye maun be real clever, Nellie." His voice dwelt on her name so tenderly that she was inclined to resent his using it, but she was at the same time afraid to raise such a personal question.

"It's easy dune when ance ye ken the w'y o't," she replied; "I mak' lots o' ba's like that ilka simmer — they last nae time." Since he was ready to make much of the thing, she would make little of it.

"Sin' ye can mak' them sae easy, wull ye no' gie me this ane?" he asked, holding it closer to her hand that she might take it if she chose.

"I'm no carin'," quoth Nellie, with a little toss of her head; and then, with a daring sense that she trod on dangerous ground, she added, "tho' what *you* sud want wi' it I dinna ken."

"Div ye no'?" said Walter in a low tone; "I like it because it's sae bonnie for ae thing, an' I lo'e it because it was vrocht by ane that's mair bonnie than a' the flogers." His voice trembled a little with a reserve of feeling, which Nellie tried again to ignore.

"There's ane!" she cried hastily, making a sudden dart among the sand after a supposed ruby; "no it isna; jist a bit o' shiny stane. I dinna ken why folks sud speak sae muckle aboot findin' them. I hae lockit and lookit, an' there isna ane yet that I can see. I'll awa hame."

"Dinna gang yet," pleaded Walter; "bide a wee and I se help ye." The fact that she could not escape unless he moved to let her pass, which seemed far from his intention, did more to keep her than his words, and she resumed her search among the sands.

"Your fingers are ower big," she remarked saucily, after some minutes' busy silence. "Ye're better at catchin' muckle fish than wee stanes."

This put Walter on his mettle. Wrapping the cowslip ball in a colored handkerchief, and stowing it away in his pocket with a carefulness not lost upon Miss

Nellie, he turned over on his elbow, and gave all his attention to the work in hand.

The afternoon sun shone hotly upon them, and the sand poured in a warm stream through his fingers as he sifted handful after handful. At last fortune favored him, and he caught the ruddy gleam of a ruby among the small broken shells and sparkling bits of mica, of which the shore was mainly composed. It was quite a large one and almost heart-shaped. Without a word he picked it up and laid it in Nellie's hand.

"Eh!" she cried, "that *is* a bonnie ane! Hoo did ye see it? That's far bigger than the ane Jean Tamson was sae proud o'."

"Wad ye like it?" asked Walter.

"Oh, I'll maybe find ane mysel'," said Nellie guardedly.

"It's my hert, ye see," said Walter, smiling. "An' what wad ye gie me for it?"

"I'll gie ye that cooslip ba' ye think sae muckle o'," she answered, smiling too.

"I ha'e gotten that already," said Walter, "an' I'm no' seekin' onything. Tak' it."

"Thank ye," said Nellie doubtfully, afraid of the consequences. "It's a grand big ane."

"What are ye gaun to dae wi' them?" he asked, continuing the search.

"Oh, I dinna ken," said Nellie. "I might get aneuch to mak' a brooch maybe."

"I ken something better ye micht ha'e," said Walter, in a tone which invited question. But Nellie only looked mystified. "It's a thing I wad like fine to gie ye, an' I'll never gie it to onybody else." He paused again to take courage. Nellie bent over the sand. "It wad mak' a braw ring, Nellie; an', oh, I wuss ye wad mairry me!"

The almost trembling eagerness of his tone was not without its effect on Nellie's heart, but she was outwardly unmoved. Her blue eyes looked past him and out to sea, while she said very demurely, "I think I wad rayther hae a brooch."

Walter breathed hard. He had a vague sense that her nimble wit would find some way of escape from his question, and what to say next puzzled him sorely.

"Nellie," he began at length, "I ken ye micht mak' a better mairraige."

He could not have hit on a better line of attack. She looked at him, and her heart turned traitor and was ready to yield its citadel.

"I ken I'm no' much to boast o', an' there's ither lads, I daursay, ye like mair."

"There is not," said his advocate in her bosom.

"Ye micht luik to be keepit better nor I cud dae," he continued, filled with an increasing sense of unworthiness, "an' I ken I'm no' company for you."

"There's nane better!" whispered the traitor heart. Still her pretty red lips were pressed together, and the expression of her face baffled Walter's anxious scrutiny.

"Aweel," he said with a great sigh, "I see I'm jist teasin' ye. I was ower ready to think ye micht ha'e me." He rose slowly, with a disconsolate air, and was turning away to leave her, when she spoke, in so low a tone he could hardly hear. "I didna say I wadna," she whispered. Walter stood motionless, and she repeated the words, looking up with a mischievous little smile, and rising as she spoke.

"Ye're in sic a hurry," she complained; "you an' me's no' that long acquaint; ye sud gie me time." She leant against the rock, and plucked the yellow lichen from it nervously with one hand; the other held the ruby he had given her.

He came back to where she stood, and taking her flower-like face between his two hands, turned it up to his. "Nellie," he said, "I jist lo'e ye wi' a' my hert and soul, and every bit o' me, an' if ye lo'e me, dinna haud awa, but tell me ance for a'."

Nellie struggled a little to free herself, but felt proud at the same time that she could not. This was a man to respect, and love, and yield to, and the sense of his strength and manly power filled her with triumph. It was sweet to have won such love; she would not dissemble any longer. "I dae lo'e ye, Walter, I dae; but ye shudna mak' me say it."

Walter threw his arms round her in a passionate embrace, and as he pressed her fair head against the breast of his blue knitted jersey, she felt the strong beating of his heart throbbing against her cheek. They were in that high-wrought state of feeling which we only reach on tiptoe moments of life, and which will not stand contact with the outer world, when a sudden chatter of voices and a burst of laughter close by, drove them apart instantly. Nellie darted into the shelter of her nook between the boulders, but Walter stood his ground.

"Oh, whae is it, Walter? cud they see us?" she whispered anxiously.

"Na, na," said he in a reassuring tone, "I dinna see them yet; ye needna be feart." Then he added, as the voices came nearer, "It's a waddin' frae St. Minins. Sandy Begg and Jean Watson; stan' up an' ye'll see them."

"Na," said Nellie decidedly; "I dinna want them to see me."

It was a walking wedding, common enough then, and not unknown now in Fife. The bride and bridegroom, with the best man and bridesmaid, were walking along the shore to the minister's house in the Elie to be married. Sandy and his best man were of course in their Sunday clothes. The best man wore an orange comforter wound twice round his throat, with its ends buttoned inside his thick pea-coat. He walked first with the bride, a bonnie, sunburnt fisher-girl, with a loud voice and a laugh like the cry of a seagull. She wore a stout, purple, wincey dress, and an extraordinary arrangement of white flowers on her hair, which was well oiled and tightly plaited back. The wreath, if anything so ungraceful may bear the name, consisted of two bunches of white artificial flowers firmly fastened above her temples, and the green portions of it, somewhat resembling sprays of asparagus, were liberally showered with glass dewdrops which tinkled against each other, and pattered on her forehead as she walked.

A similar wreath adorned the bridesmaid's head — and except that Sandy and Jean both wore big white kid gloves, there was no outward token distinguishing the principals from their seconds in the affair. As they took their way along the links, Sandy, who was escorting the bridesmaid, stopped to hail Walter.

"We're awa to be mairret!"

"Ay, I see that."

"I wad ask ye to come wi' us; but we ha'e nae lass for ye."

The bride and bridesmaid laughed in chorus; and after bidding him hospitably to the supper to be given in the bride's home on their return from "the Ailie," they disappeared among the sand-dunes by the shore.

Walter turned to Nellie, who was looking up at him. "They're out o' sicht noo," he said; "but I wad ha'e been proud tae be seen wi' you, Nellie."

"I daursay that," was her rejoinder with a light laugh, as she met his meaning glance. She saw he was thinking of and exulting in her confession of love for him; and with that coyness which seems native to a girl's mind, she shrank from any

more love-making. "I think ae ruby's aneuch for ae day," she said, springing to her feet and climbing the shingle and natural rocky steps up to the grass. "I'm awa hame."

"I'll gie ye a convoy," said Walter, following her, and together they threaded their way over the grass in the wake of the bridal party, whom they were careful not to overtake.

They spoke little, but Nellie knew that Walter's thoughts were all about her — that her every look and word was treasured by him; and he, on his part, hoped she really loved him — feared lest he had teased her into saying so — and longed greatly to hear her sweet confession again. He was so afraid he might forget her exact words. "I dae lo'e ye, Walter, I dae," was not that what she had said? When they came to the hollow in which Nellie had found the finest flowers for her ball, she stooped to pick some more.

"I'll get them for ye," said Walter, eagerly preventing her, and gathering with careful fingers the largest heads of blossom. Nellie stood and watched, bidding him reject some, and pointing out others, with a delicious sense of the unlimited command over him with which his love invested her. He, with that cunning with which love can gift the most simple-minded of men, led her on to exercise the authority which it is as sweet to obey as to wield, knowing that the more she exercised it the closer would be the link between them.

At last Walter's hands seemed full, and he pretended he could gather no more; "but here's an awfu' bonnie ane — twa o' them — ye micht pu' yersel', Nellie."

She bent down to pick them; he lifted his head, and their faces almost met.

"Ye micht gie me ae kiss noo, Nellie," he pleaded, "jist to mak' me sure 'at ye meant what ye said."

Nellie glanced round, but there were no prying eyes to witness — not a house in sight on shore, nor a boat on the sea, no living thing, only the happy larks singing and soaring overhead. So resting her hand for a moment on his shoulder as he knelt at her feet, she gave him one fluttering little kiss, and then, blushing crimson, ran away. He followed more slowly, and did not overtake her until he reached the open gate of a little field behind the Toft, through which ran the footpath between Elie and St. Monans. Here some children were playing, and a woman with a baby on her arm was sprinkling linen laid out to bleach. Nellie sat on a big stone

by the gate awaiting him, safe in the presence of neighbors from further importunities. Walter gave her the cowslips, and with a brief, smiling good-bye, they parted. He took his way down to the shore and along the pier, at whose further end was a breakwater, whereon most of the Elie fishers sat smoking and chatting at this hour.

Nellie watched him for a while with a strange new sense of possession, and interest in all his affairs, and then gathering her flowers into a compact bunch, she took her way slowly homewards.

She was uncommunicative by nature, and allowed one month after another to pass by without telling her mother of the understanding between Walter and herself.

One night in November this silence was unexpectedly broken. Nellie had been sewing at the cottage window, with a candle close beside her work. The blind was drawn down more than halfway, and on it the shadow of her head was clearly recognizable to any passer-by who knew her. Walter had been in the Elie as she knew that afternoon, and as she sewed rapidly her heart was on the alert for any sign of his neighborhood. Her mother was also in the kitchen; but as her knitting did not require light, she leant back in a shadowy corner by the fire, the click of her knitting-wires keeping time to the sound of Nellie's rapid stitching. Suddenly the quiet was broken by an approaching footstep, one light tap on the window-pane, and a loudly whispered "Nellie!" outside, distinctly audible to both women.

The color rose to Nellie's temples, and she looked towards her mother, who worked on in silence.

"It's some ane seekin' me, mither," she said awkwardly. "I'll no' be lang;" and pushing her work aside, she went out of the room, closing the door behind her.

Walter stood waiting in the darkness, and before her eyes became sufficiently accustomed to it to see him, she was folded in his arms.

"I ha'ena seen ye for fower days," he said, in a fond whisper. "An' whan I saw your shadow on the blind I jist cudna gang past."

"Mither was wi' me," returned Nellie. "She's awfu' guid to me, Walter; she never speirs whaur I gang or what I dae, an' I dinna ken why I ha'ena telt her about you. It's no' kind. I think we sud telt her noo. Wull ye come ben?"

Walter hesitated; but when Nellie took

him by the hand and drew him into the house, he did not resist. She opened the door into the kitchen, and led the way. He followed.

"Mither," said Nellie ceremoniously, "this is Walter Lindsay. I askit him in."

Mrs. Davidson rose and came forward. "I'm glad to see ye," she said, offering her hand, which Walter took awkwardly enough. Nellie pushed a chair to the fire for him, and took up her work, sewing for some moments with a fierce energy. The other two sat silent. Then Mrs. Davidson began some polite talk about St. Monans, the past season's fishing, and so forth, Walter furnishing elaborate answers to her questions. These flagged after a time, and Nellie, seeing neither of them were likely to take the initiative, stopped sewing, and plunged into the subject. "Mither, Walter's seekin' me to mairry him."

Mrs. Davidson began in a fluttered fashion — "Weel!" — and then paused.

It was Walter's turn. "I houp ye ha'e nae objection?"

"Me!" said the meek little mother; "oh no." Then she added, "Sae lang as Nellie's happy."

A long pause followed, and then Nellie started afresh. "Walter was thinkin' we sud be mairret at the New Year."

"Sae sune's that!" ejaculated the mother, in some dismay.

"It's because he's gotten a hoose," explained her daughter naively; "it's been empty sin' May, and the rent's doun, an' sae he tuk it; an'," she added, rather ashamed to have gone so far in their plans without her mother's knowledge, "we were aye meanin' to tell you."

Mrs. Davidson was not given to upbraiding, and she made no complaint of their silence, only it went to her heart with a little pang, that Nellie's "we" no longer included her mother.

"I'll be wae to lose ye, Nellie," she said, with a flickering smile, and in rather a tremulous tone; "but I'll no stan' in yer way."

Nellie's heart smote her. She crossed to her mother's side, and kneeling by her chair, gave her an affectionate kiss. "Ye'll no lose me, but ye'll ha'e a new son to cheer ye. Walter," with a glance of appeal to him, "wad like to be a guid son to ye."

Tears were in the widow's eyes, but her shyness in the presence of a stranger kept her silent; and after another pause, Walter rose and bade them good-night.

"Haste ye back, then," said Mrs.

Davidson, hospitably. Nellie went with him out to the door, where, after a few lovers' last words, they parted. He took his way through the darkness, whistling some of his favorite airs, and seeing again in memory Nellie's bright face and pleasant home.

Nellie went back to the kitchen and took up her work again, thinking what she would say. She felt that her mother had reason to be hurt; and an unusual tenderness when she thought of their parting so soon filled her with compunction and anxiety to make up for the pain her silence had caused. She waited, puzzled how to begin, and then, seeing that her mother felt an even greater difficulty in speaking, she rose, folded her work, and put it away with elaborate care, blew out the candle she no longer required, and came and stood by the fire, leaning her arm on the mantelshelf, and resting her face on her hand in the shadow.

"Mither, I see 'at yer vexed 'at I didna tell ye suner; but it's no' very lang sin' I kenned mysel'—and I'm sorry I didna speak."

"It disna ma'tter noo," said the gentle little woman, unused for long to have her authoritative and rather self-willed daughter apologize to her.

"I thocht ye wadna unnerstaun'," continued Nellie, "an' I didna want fook tae be claverin' and makin' clashes aboot us."

"Ay," said her mother, "I ken ye wadna like fook speakin' aboot ye; but ye micht hae telt me. I'm no' ane that wad mak' speaks; an' as for unnerstaun'in'," she continued, gaining confidence as she relieved her mind—"ye dinna think, Nellie, that naeboddy kens what luvie is but you an' Walter? Yer puir faither"—and her voice broke in a little sob—"was as likely a lad as that in his day, though ye canna mind on it; and we lo'ed yin anither sair. Eh! what I hae lost!"

Nellie, with a pang of sympathy, watched in the firelight the slow tears making their way down her mother's worn cheeks. Here had been a love as great as that which filled her and absorbed all her thoughts. "O mither!" she cried remorsefully, "I lo'e ye; dinna greet. I micht ha'e kent ye wad unnerstan', if I hadna been jist sae taken up wi' mysel'." And the two embraced and were at one again. They talked long that night—Nellie volunteering confidences about Walter, and planning with her mother the furnishing of the little house, in which she mentally saw herself keeping it all right and pretty.

"I'll gie ye my reid gerannum," said her mother, on hearing that the kitchen would have a window to the sun.

"That will be fine, mither," said Nellie gratefully—adding, "but what'll ye dae wantin' it?"

"Oh, I'll dae fine; what'll I dae wantin' *you*?" she answered, in a tone that strove in vain to sound playful—"that's mair than a gerannum."

They put their arms round each other in the little box-bed they shared together, and the mother's heart was comforted with the sense of her child's love, which Nellie demonstrated all the more because of an ashamed consciousness that her mother's love was not now so needful to her happiness, since it was to Walter that all her longings for affection turned.

"Walter's mither's no' like you," she said, with a final caress.

"Does she no' ken yet?" asked Mrs. Davidson.

"Na, he said he wadna tell her; he wad jist leave her to fin' oot for hersel'," said Nellie, in a sleepy tone.

"Puir thing!" murmured her mother softly, and then there was silence, and they slept.

The next few weeks passed quickly, in happy preparations for the wedding, and Mrs. Davidson got a lift in a cart "going east," as they called it, with Scotch exactitude, to St. Monans, to see the little house. Walter intrusted them with five pounds he had saved from his wages, and this was laid out with much thought and care to the best advantage. Nellie's clever fingers were busy shaping and stitching her modest little outfit; and the minister, when Walter presented himself shamefaced and blushing one evening to ask "if it would be convenient" to him to marry them at the New Year, took much kindly interest in their plans, and called next day at the Toft to bestow upon Nellie a family Bible, as part of the plenishing she should take with her to her husband's house.

They were "cried" in church. Nellie was duly rallied by her acquaintance on having kept her love-affair so close, and bore their teasing and criticisms more good-naturedly than she had thought would be possible. After all, how little it mattered what they thought or said! Like most sensitive people, she had dwelt in anticipation on what she dreaded in the way of neighborly comment and gossip, until her expectations went far beyond the actual result.

The wedding was fixed for New Year's day—a Thursday—and on the previous

Tuesday night Walter was to pay them a final visit at the Toft, and help them to decide whether two o'clock or five would be the best hour for the marriage. The old minister had given them their choice, having an engagement between these hours. Mrs. Davidson inclined to five, as two would be "some early" for the tea which they were going to provide for the few friends they had invited to be present.

Walter sent a message, much to Nellie's disappointment, on Tuesday afternoon, that he could not come, but would meet her at the Lady's Tower next morning at ten o'clock, and hear what they had settled. Either hour would do for him, he said.

Wednesday morning was dull and cold, with a breathless absence of wind. Nellie wrapped herself warmly in a thick shawl, and took her way swiftly along the links to the trysting-place. The short, close, faded grass was crisp under foot with hoarfrost, and the grey sky and sea were very unlike those she remembered on that far-away summer afternoon when she had taken the same road, and gathered cowslips, and met Walter. What a child she seemed to have been then, as she recalled the scene, and wondered at the Nellie who had tried to hide from him, and had been so unwilling to confess her love!

Now as she reached the ruined tower, standing on a high rocky promontory running out into the sea, she went to one of the lancet-shaped windows looking towards St. Monans, to watch for her lover. These four windows, with the entrance and a fireplace, filled the six sides of the picturesque tower — built long ago for the pleasure of some fair lady, and still, though roofless and ruined, seeming haunted by romantic fancies. Down below the two windows which looked southwards the rocks descended in broken heaps to the sea, which had worked for itself deep and sinuous channels among their tumbled masses; and as Nellie waited she could hear the gurgling sound made by each wave flooding in and filling the creeks, floating up the thick brown seaweeds, and overflowing the little black pools, only to ebb away as rapidly, sucking the shining coils of tangle down in the receding swirl of the water.

Soon she saw Walter coming. It was not ten o'clock yet, and he was taking it easy — sauntering along with his hands in his pockets and whistling "The Flowers o' the Forest," with soft flute-notes like a blackbird. As he rose to the knoll on a

level with the tower he stood and looked towards Elie. "Watching for me," thought Nellie proudly. Then slowly resuming the mournful closing bars of the air, he turned to enter the tower.

"That's ower sad a sang," cried Nellie, springing forward to meet him; and as he threw his arms round her she asked what had kept him the night before.

"I thoct ye wad wunner," said Walter easily, drawing her to the wide ledge of one of the seaward windows, in which they both seated themselves, his arm round Nellie, and her head leant back on his shoulder, and resting against his thick brown beard.

"Weel, what was't?" she repeated, looking up at him as she spoke.

He looked at her fondly. "Ye're sae bonnie, Nellie, I forgot the very words I was gaun to say when I see ye. Weel, it was jist this. Did ye no' think I wad need a ring tae mairry ye wi' the morn?"

"I didna mind on't," she replied simply; and then suddenly recollecting, she turned to face him. "Was't that ye socht thon ruby for, then?"

"Ye'll see for yersel'," he replied; and drawing from his pocket a twist of paper, he gave it to her to open.

She unfolded it hurriedly. There lay a little silver ring set with the ruby, somewhat roughly cut, polished, and sunk in a heart-shaped setting.

Nellie's eyes shone with pleasure. "It's awfu' bonnie," she said. "I never saw ane like it; it's the bonniest ring I ever saw. Was that what ye wanted it for? I thoct it was for a preen for yersel' by the w'y ye spoke. Whae made it, Walter? Eh! it's been awfu' dear I misdoubt!"

Walter laughed. "No' sae dear as you, onyw'y. Was't no' Solomon 'at said, 'A gude wife's far abune rubies?' Weel, I got a man in Anster to mak' it, an' that was what keptit me. I had tauld him I'd come for it the day; and then auld Laing," he continued, looking rather anxiously at Nellie, who was playing with the ring, "said we wad need to gang oot the nicht, and so I gaed to Anster yestereen. I was feared it wad no' be ready; but there it was for me."

Nellie's face had clouded. "Gaun oot the nicht? O Walter! dinna gang; ye said to me ye wadna. It'll come a storm, or ye'll be hinnert some w'y. Oh, dinna, Walter!"

Walter stooped and kissed the sweet pleading lips. "I maun gang," he said. "It's gaun to be a calm nicht; there's nae sign o' wind. I wuss we may hae aneuch

to tak' us oot; and there's sae few boats gaun. Watson's folk said they wad gie us guid prices a' this week for a' the fish we caught, an' I wadna like auld Laing to lose for me. They canna gang wi'oot me, an' they winna ask me to gang the morn, I ken that."

Nellie sighed.

"Ye'll no' do for a fisherman's wife, if ye gang on that gait," said Walter cheerily. "What are ye feared for? The sea like a deuk-pond, an' me that ha'e been oot in a' kin' o' weather, an' never drooned yet!"

Nellie laughed with him at her fears, and then sighed again.

"I'll hae to gang noo," said Walter, rising. "We maun be oot wi' the tide, and that's at twal' o'clock. I'll no' see ye till the morn, Nellie; an' than ye'll be sae braw, I mayna ken ye," he added fondly.

"Weel, here's the ring; I'll ha'e aneuch o' it the morn," said Nellie, blushing and smiling as she met the love in his look. "The fouk are bidden at five," she continued, "and dinna you be late, Walter. Oh, I wuss ye werena gaun to sea the day. Whan will ye get in, div ye think?"

"Some time the nicht, I sud say," said Walter. "We're gaun oot ayont the May, jist roon' by the ither side o't, an' we'll win hame or the neist tide turns. It cudna blaw the day," he added, with a careless glance at the clouds; "there's nae airt for the win' to come frae; it's mair like snaw."

"I wuss ye hadna to gang oot in winter," said Nellie.

"Weel, ye needna mairry me unless ye like," said he smiling; and then with many kisses they parted. He to stride with long, slouching gait along the shore to St. Monans; and Nellie, hooded in her red shawl, took the path along the links to the Elie. They both turned at the same moment, while still within sight of each other, and Walter waved his cap and stood a moment, as if he wanted a long look to remember her by until the morrow. Then they went on their separate ways.

Nellie's thoughts were busy over the preparations for her wedding. That afternoon Jamie Morrison's cart was to come for her things; and Lizzie Laing, whose husband was in the boat with Walter, had the key of the house, and was to have on a fire, and make ready for them next day.

When she got home she found her mother carefully tying up the red geranium in a frame of sticks, and covering it with an old apron.

"I canna think the frost 'll touch it

noo," she said; "but I'se haud it on my knee for fear."

"I think I'll gang up to the minister's noo," remarked Nellie. "I'll no' be a meenit. I'll say 'at yer muckle obleeged to him, and five o'clock wull dae very weel."

She closed the cottage door behind her and took her way to the minister's. His house was one of a row of buildings, all of different heights and sizes, skirting the shore of the pretty curving bay; only the street, in some places paved, in others rough and uneven, with a little fringe of gardens on its further side, separated these houses from the sea. Here and there a house, seemingly more adventurous than its neighbors, had forsaken the rest, and taken its place boldly among the gardens, sharing with them the salt breezes and sand-drifts, and the showers of spray which a high tide or a storm sent over them. One garden, belonging to an old sea-captain, had a flagstaff rising from its little grass plot; and here the Union-jack fluttered gallantly forth on all occasions, great and small. Another — that of a house over the way occupied by two old ladies — had a little wooden arbor in one corner, made green by a hardy privet-bush on one side, and gay on the other for a few weeks in summer with short-lived annuals. At each side of the tidy little gate was planted — one can hardly say grew — a shivering young tree. These trees had to be renewed from time to time, and during their tenancy of the garden never made any progress, but despaired, and were ready to die from the very first. But the ladies did not despair. "It gives the place a cared-for look," they said, and persevered in planting.

Next to this garden came the minister's. It had two fairly grown sycamores in it, "quite forest trees," said the old ladies pensively; "but then, you know, they have been in for years." On either side of the paved path from the gate to the sea-wall was a broad border of carnations, clove-pinks, and picotees. Their silver clumps were of course flowerless now; but in summer and autumn they were the glory of the street. The minister was very proud of them — not a season passed without his adding to their number; and in the summer evenings he used to sit on the comfortable bench which stood in a sheltered corner facing west, with his telescope beside him, and the newspapers across his knee, chatting with his gardener Andrew, "the minister's man," and general factotum.

At this season the borders were bare of bloom, and only a few shrivelled seed-pods rattled when a breeze shook them. Nellie passed the large bow-window of the study, within which, bending over some books, she could see the white head of the good old man. She ran up the spotless door-steps, and rang the bell.

A very trim and staid maidservant opened the door to her, with a smile of recognition, and led the way along a little passage and down a few steps to the study door. "Come in," said the minister, in answer to her knock, and Nellie was ushered into the warm, comfortable room.

"Please, Mr. Lumsden," she said shyly, "mither sent me to say 'at she was muckle obleeged for yer kind message, an' if you pleased, five o'clock to-morrow afternoon wad suit very weel."

"Five o'clock be it then, Nellie," was the hearty response; "and how are you? and how is your mother keeping?—well and hearty for her duties to-morrow, eh?"

Nellie murmured a reply, and was turning to go, but he stopped her, and with a few kindly inquiries about Walter, and their future home and plans, he skilfully led the way to more personal talk.

Mr. Lumsden had seen Nellie several times of late, but never alone; and he was too wise to expect her to speak of her inmost feelings before others. We can neither be nor express our true selves in mixed company. But with one who is wise and understands, gradually, like the sensitive plant, we unfold, we expand, we show our inmost nature. So Nellie, under the kindly questions of the minister, forgot her shyness and reserve, and spoke of her desires "to be good," as she phrased it, and to serve God in her new home. She drank in eagerly the tender counsels of the old man, and determined to practise from the very outset the unselfishness and the patience which, he said, were so specially called for in married life. When he warned her against hasty speech, she resolved that nothing should tempt her to unkind words. And when he went on to praise Walter, and with pleasant appreciation to refer to the many good points he saw in his character, and to the ways in which Nellie could help and strengthen him, she smiled in his face with tear-filled, grateful eyes. "I *will* mind that," she said earnestly. He rose to his full height, and laid his hand on her fair head in fatherly benediction before he sent her away.

"And mind, Nellie," he said, "you must

not be afraid or shy about coming to me in any difficulty or trouble, when you think I might help you, even if it is just to have the comfort of telling me anything that is on your mind making you anxious. I am always glad to see any one who wants me,—that is just what I am here for."

Nellie thanked him, and dried the tears which had brimmed over and lay like dew-drops on her flushed cheeks. The minister opened the study door, and stood courteously aside to let her precede him, following her up the little stair. As they passed through the hall, he glanced at the long, old-fashioned weather-glass hanging there. "Dear me!" he exclaimed, "what does this mean? The glass has been going down, down, down all morning, and now it's lower than I've ever seen it in my life! You that are to be a fisherman's wife, Nellie," he added, reaching down a soft felt hat from a peg as he spoke, and flinging a long plaid round his shoulders, "you'll be studying the markie, as they call it, with the wisest of them before long." He opened the house door, and they went out together. "My way lies past the Toft," he said; "I must go and see what the coast-guard have to say to the weather. Is that the drum hoisted at the pier-head? Your eyes are better than mine."

"No," said Nellie, looking over to the flagstaff which marked the coast-guard station at the end of the pier, "I dinna see it." She walked fast, to keep pace with his big strides, and looked at him anxiously. "Is't gaun to be a storm, Mr. Lumsden, do ye think?"

"I cannot say," he replied; "it does not look like it yet—that's not a windy sky," and he paused a moment to look at it. "But the glass is very significant, and not likely to go wrong."

Nellie did not quite catch the drift of his words, but her heart sank within her.

"You keep Walter on shore any way for a day or two," said Mr. Lumsden cheerily, "and let the glass behave as it likes."

"But I canna keep him," cried poor Nellie; "he's gaun oot at twalve o'clock, he said; they were to tak' the turn o' the tide."

Mr. Lumsden glanced at the beach. The dull grey wavelets had almost reached the twisted fringe of seaweed lying on the sand at high-water mark. There was no time to interfere.

"Oh, well," he said, "I think you may trust them to know what they are about. We landsmen are very ready to croak and

prophecy. Walter is in old James Laing's boat, isn't he?"

"Yes," replied Nellie.

"Well, then, you may be sure they know their own business, and they would not be such fools as to go out if a storm was brewing. Keep a good heart, Nellie. They never go far out for white fish just now; they can turn if the wind gets up."

"They're jist going ayont the May," said Nellie, cheered already by his kindly tone; "and they sud be in or nicht, Walter tauld me."

"Oh, then, they're safe enough," said Mr. Lumsden; "the sea doesn't get up all at once on a dull day like this."

They had reached the Toft, and he bade Nellie good-bye as she turned up the brae to her mother's cottage. Mrs. Dunsire, one of the neighbors, was out feeding her hens, and Mr. Lumsden stopped to greet her and ask for her husband. "He's awa' to the fishin'," she said; "they're gettin' an awfu' price frae the curers this week. They're sendin' them a' south to Lunnun, they telt Andra. Ay, it's weel for the like o' huz; but oh! it'll no' last lang,—that's aye the w'y o't. Ae week ye'll get yer ain price for the askin', and the neist ye micht as weel no' gang oot ava, for a' they gie ye. Mony's the time," she continued, warming to the subject, "I ha'e vrecht, early and late, up an' doon, wi' lines tae clean and tae bait and tae set, an' Andra up an' awa' i' the cauld, dark mornin's, an' a' for naething. 'Ye'd ha'e dune better to ha'e stayed at hame in your bed,' I say to him whiles; and 'deed it's true."

Mr. Lumsden listened patiently till she paused for breath, and then took flight, for she was a great talker.

"Are all the Elie boats out?" he asked, as he went on.

"Ay, they were a' out wi' the first tide, a' but John Tamson's," she called after him; "he's doon wi' the rheumatics."

Mr. Lumsden looked at his watch, it wanted barely half an hour till the tide would be full. If the St. Monans boats were all going out now, there was a chance that the Laings might be among the last, and if he walked fast he might get there in time to see Walter and stop him, as he felt strangely impelled to do.

He stood a moment at the corner where the footpath by the links to St. Monans branched off from the road, which, carried a few hundred yards further along a rocky promontory, ended in the Elie quay with its curving breakwater. He looked at the flagstaff in the trim coast-guard enclosure

which crowned the height above the pier; and at that moment, as he looked, two men came out of the quarters, and in a leisurely manner proceeded to run up the storm signal—the cone pointing downwards to signify a gale from the south.

This decided Mr. Lumsden. Flinging his long plaid more closely over his broad shoulders, he set out at a rapid walk towards St. Monans, scanning the dim sea-line as he went for any sign of the Elie boats returning, but none were to be seen. As he topped the highest part of the links between the two little villages, he could see the harbor of St. Monans. A boat was slowly coming out; her dark sail, hauled up with irregular jerks, hung for a moment in heavy folds, then filled out gently in the breeze, and with the easy, curving motion of a conscious creature, she cleared the rocks by the harbor mouth and headed down the Firth. The bows of another boat followed closely in her wake, and Mr. Lumsden could hear, in the still winter air, her crew running along the deck and hauling up the sail.

There was no time to lose, and he quickened his pace. The footpath led round the little churchyard, with its worn and broken gravestones, some almost hidden in the tufted grass. Among them stood the little old church, with its dwarfed square tower and belfry pointed like a witch's hat. The footpath ended abruptly on the back of a little burn, which ran down past the churchyard and out at the back of the harbor. Mr. Lumsden stepped across the broad, smooth stepping-stones, and took his way over the worn grass on the further side, where in summer mothers washed and gossiped, and children played. Beyond the grass was the narrow roughly paved main street of the village, running steeply down to the harbor. Strong smells of brine and fish, with nets and baskets standing about, rows of split and half-dried haddocks hanging from little sticks outside the cottage doors, and the piled-up rows of barrels inside the open gates of a curing-yard, all proclaimed the sole industry of the place. As Mr. Lumsden stumbled down the steep little street, and came out among the group of wives and old men standing about on the quay, a cheer rose from the boats in the mouth of the harbor. Sympathetic smiles broke out on the weather-beaten faces round him. "Hear till them!" cried one pale-faced woman with a baby in her arms. "They're cheerin' Wattie Lindsay," said another, in good-natured explanation to the new-comer, whom they all knew well

by sight; "he's gaun to be mairret the morn, an' he's gotten a siller heukie for luck."

"Then Laing's boat is 'not out yet?" said the minister.

"She's jist gaun," piped a shrill-voiced, barefooted boy who came running along the broad harbor wall; "thon's her sail gaun up noo." He picked up the rope he had been sent for, and pattered back again. Mr. Lumsden followed along the quay. The Laings' boat was just moving out; two of them—strong, handsome young men—were hauling up the sail; old Jamie stood at the helm; and Mr. Lumsden recognized Walter Lindsay poling the boat off the harbor wall, with the help of a boy. As the tall and majestic form of the old minister appeared, towering head and shoulders above the surrounding fishermen—well-grown men though they were—caps were pulled respectfully, and there was a murmured greeting in answer to his genial "Good day to you all." Walter stopped pushing, and rested the end of his oar on the quay.

"Are you going far out, Jamie?" called Mr. Lumsden, addressing the old fisherman. "The glass is very low; and the drum was hoisted at the Elie pier as I came along."

"Na, we're nae gaun far," said old Laing slowly; "we'll be in afore the storm; there's nae sign o' it yet, as far as I see." He was a little inclined to resent weather-warnings from any landsman.

Under cover of the noise and bustle in the next boat, whose ballast was being shifted, Mr. Lumsden spoke to Walter. "I wish I could persuade you to stay at home, Lindsay," he said earnestly. "I have never in forty years seen the glass so low. If you are caught in a storm you may have to run up the Firth; and what will Nellie Davidson say if you don't turn up to-morrow?"

Walter smiled. "I'm muckle obleeged till ye," he said, "for tellin' us; but I maun gang wi' the rest; Robbie Laing's ill, and they canna dae wantin' me. We'se be hame the nicht, never fear."

"Noo then? what's keepin' ye?" called the men from the boat behind.

"Push her aff, Wattie!" shouted old Laing.

Mr. Lumsden saw further remonstrance was useless. The Bonnie Jean moved slowly along by the quay, with a final shove off from Walter's oar; the ropes rattled in a coil on the deck; and the pulley creaked as they hoisted the big, flapping sail—and she stood out to sea.

Mr. Lumsden took off his hat with a gesture of farewell, as he stood watching them. A glint of sunshine broke through the hazy sky, and shone on his snow-white hair and beard; his deep-set brown eyes watched the boat with an air of abstraction; then he entered into friendly chat with an old fisherman standing by. This man had also noticed the sudden fall of the barometer, and "didna ken what to mak' o' it. I saw ye thocht auld Laing wad be better to bide at hame," he remarked; "but 'deed, sir, ye micht as weel gie an advice to the sea—he'll no' tak' a word frae onybody, great or sma'."

Mr. Lumsden accepted this consolation as it was meant. "Well, I could hardly expect him to take it from me," he said, laughing. "He might say he had as much right to meddle with my sermons as I have with his fishing." The old fisherman laughed too; and the minister took his way homewards.

More than once as he walked along a puff of wind blew sharply against his face and ran in ruffling cat's-paws over the leaden surface of the sea, then died away; the sun faded from a watery white disk to a mere undefined brightness in the sky, and then was lost altogether in woolly grey masses of clouds, and the air grew increasingly chill, with that penetrating cold often observable before snow.

As Mr. Lumsden passed the Toft he saw Jamie Morrison's cart at the Davidsons' door, and Jamie, with the widow and Nellie, were actively at work stowing away all the latter's belongings for the journey to St. Monans. As everything was packed in, and Mrs. Davidson came to the door in her bonnet and shawl with the precious red geranium in her arms, its few remaining blooms carefully screened from the weather, one slow, wandering flake of snow alighting on her shawl, followed by another and another, made her look up at the sky.

"It's gaun to snaw, Jamie?" she said, hesitating.

"Weel, I ken that," said the old man. "It'll dae nae hairm for a' the time we'll be. You get in, an' I'se draw the tarpaulin' up roon' ye."

But Nellie, who had come out with a chair for her mother's use in mounting the cart, was not satisfied.

"Ye'll get yer death o' cauld, mither," she said decidedly. "Ye better no' gang. I'll gang wi' Jamie, and we'll jist pit in the things an' come awa, if it's still snawin', and you bide at hame."

Mrs. Davidson was in the habit of let-

ting Nellie decide for her; and as the snow fell thicker and faster every moment in large fleecy flakes, she let herself be persuaded, and went indoors.

"I'll keep the gerannum," she said, "an' it'll gae whan I gae."

Nellie, well wrapt up, mounted the cart beside old Jamie. They started, and were soon lost to view in the dancing, dazzling whirl of snow.

It was dark, and in the cottage the kettle was singing over a bright fire, before Mrs. Davidson, after many fruitless journeys to the window, saw her daughter's whitened figure coming up from the road.

"Eh, sic a nicht!" said Nellie, stamping the snow from her shoes and shaking it off her shawl before she entered. "It's come on to blaw terrible, and I'm near perished."

She bent over the fire, and the flickering light played on her hair and her bright blue eyes, large and shining after her bracing walk.

"I left the cairt at the toll-gate," she explained, "no' to bring him out o's way."

"Are a' the boats come in?" she asked suddenly, after a pause.

"Ay," said the mother, who was going to and fro setting the tea. "Mary Dunsire was in an hour syne; they were a' in thegither." She checked herself, as if she would have said more.

"What was't?" asked Nellie sharply. "Did she tell ye onything mair?"

"Naething," said the mother evasively. "She wasna but a meenit."

Nellie asked no more. She was very silent all tea-time; and when her mother would not let her wash the dishes, saying she must be tired, she made the excuse of some trifling errand to go in to the Dunsires' end of the house. Her mother said nothing to prevent her. "Her mind's just runnin' on Walter," she thought to herself. "Weel, I wuss we kent he was hame."

Nellie knocked at the Dunsires' door. Mrs. Dunsire called, "Whae's that? come in," and opened the door simultaneously.

She had a big rosy baby in her arms, and three older children were playing noisily on the floor. Nellie was so little in the habit of paying unceremonious visits, that her neighbor stared to see her.

"Nellie Davidson! it's you, is't? Come awa' ben; I suppose we'll no see much mair o' ye efter to-morra'."

Nellie stood hesitating. "Is Andra hame?" she asked shyly.

"That is he," said his wife triumphantly, "an' nae ower sune, either. It's jist an awfu' nicht, snawin' an' blawin'; his claes were near frozen wi' the wat an' the cauld. But come ben; it's cauld stan'in'," she added, with a touch of impatience.

Nellie mechanically stepped into the room, and pushed the door shut.

"I wunner," she began in a choking voice, "if he saw ony o' the boats frae St. Minins?"

Mrs. Dunsire had stooped to separate two of the children who were struggling for a coveted plaything, the broken lid of a teapot. She took it away, shook them impartially, and raised herself to answer Nellie, whose question she had scarcely heard.

"Eh?" she cried, with kindly concern, when she saw the distressed face of the young girl, "is't Walter? He's no' oot, is he?"

Nellie nodded, unable to speak without crying.

"Eh, puir thing," said the woman, "nae doubt but ye're anxious. Eh, I wuss I hadna spoke; but it's no' sic a bad nicht efter a'. I ha'e seen waur," eager to efface the effect of her words; "an' he wud be hame afore dark. Andra!" she called to her husband, who sat close to the fire, his smouldering pipe on one knee, half asleep in the grateful warmth. "Andra!" repeated his wife, "here's Nellie Davidson, askin' if the St. Minins boats wad be in. Ye ken her Walter's in yane o' them. I said 'at they wad.'"

Andrew roused himself to comprehension. "Whan did they gang oot?" he asked.

Mrs. Dunsire looked to Nellie for an answer. "They didna gang till twal," she said, "an' I was in St. Minins this afternoon. I saw Easie Laing; she said they cudna be in suner than sax o'clock."

Mrs. Dunsire glanced at the clock. "It wants half an' oor," she murmured.

Nellie's eyes were fixed on Andrew, hoping for some comfort.

"If they arena in noo," he said bluntly, "they canna get in the nicht; the sea's verra rough by noo. They wadna try St. Minins wi' the tide rinnin', an' sic a sea."

"O Andra!" said his wife reproachfully, "ye ken they're to be mairret to-morrow, an' he *maun* get back."

"I canna help it, woman," said her husband placidly; then, moved to pity by the anxious look on Nellie's face, he added, "Dinna tak' on, they'll rin up the Firth na doot—they'll mak' some o' thae

harbors up a bit, Leven or Kinghorn — there's nae fear o' them."

The children's noise had almost drowned his words; and as one of them now began to scream lustily, Mrs. Dunsire turned to the rescue, and with a quiet "Guid-nicht, and thank ye," Nellie let herself out and returned to her mother.

All night the wind roared, and the sea rose higher and higher. The moon was almost full, and when Mr. Lumsden looked out from his study window at midnight, the clouds were driving across a clear sky, the snow had ceased, and the moonlight shone over a broad expanse of foaming broken waer, as far as the eye could see. Above the prolonged steady roar of the wind he could hear the thud and crash of each wave as it broke against the sloping sea-wall of the garden, and the spray rose in sheets and was dashed with a short ripping sound against the window-panes. His thoughts were troubled. He knew no boat could make St. Monans or any of the harbors on that exposed coast in such a wild sea. If Walter Lindsay was not safe and in shelter long ago, where was he? It was terrible to think of any boat, of human lives, out yonder at the mercy of wind and wave. The clock struck twelve — the old year passed into the new unheeded. For the old minister's heart was heavy with foreboding. That one life, in its bright young happiness, should be crushed by so terrible a sorrow — that another, so strong and stout-hearted, should perish in the very flower of youth — the dread, the pity of it, filled him with trouble. In prayer, which was not dictation, but an earnest cry for help, he poured out his soul before God.

At the Toft, in her mother's cottage, held in her mother's arms, Nellie Davidson lay awake hour after hour through the long night. They had comforted one another with hopes, surmises, conjectures, which neither believed. Nellie, sick at heart, had forced herself to put the last stitches into her wedding gown. They looked out from time to time at the raging whiteness of the sea, and spoke louder as the increasing roar of the wind drowned their voices. "They'll ha'e rin up the Forth," said Nellie, at one moment. "They wad get in afore dark, efter ye left St. Minins," her mother would say — each with an air of conviction but poorly assumed. At length they had gone to bed, and there in the dark Nellie burst into tears. "My bairn, my bairn," said her mother tenderly, folding her in her arms, "oh, dinna greet; ye maunna be

fear; they wad tak' shelter or the warst o' it. They micht ha'e gane in to Anster," she said, with a sudden inspiration — Anstruther, or Anster, as it is locally called, being the port on the Fife coast nearest to the Isle of May.

Nellie caught at the suggestion. "I micht ha'e thoct o' that!" she said, in a tone of relief. Her mother rejoiced silently in the comfort she had given, and they talked for a time — reassuring themselves of Walter's safety, of old Jamie Laing's skill, of the well-known seaworthiness of the Bonnie Jean. Then the old woman's quiet regular breath showed that she slept. But Nellie could not sleep — the continual thundering sound of the wind and sea wearied and yet excited her to greater wakefulness. She sent her thoughts out over the wild, howling waste of water — where, where was Walter? All her refuges of hope failed her; she could not hide herself in them any longer from the dread which encompassed her soul. They would not go to Anster — they never did; they would be sure to make for St. Monans. And oh, these jagged black rocks! and the leaping hungry waves! She pictured them to herself with a shudder as she lay in bed. Then, though old Jamie was a good seaman — he was daring, she knew — he might have ventured too far, not turned soon enough when the storm came on. And the boat — oh, what mattered it that she was a good boat, in such a night? — hadn't the Welcome Home of St. Monans been lost on a night like this, five years ago, and she was a strong new boat — Nellie remembered hearing that said — yet all her crew were lost. It seemed to be some other mind through which these thoughts were passing. This could not be herself, Nellie; she that had been so happy, that was to be married on New Year's day. Why, she thought, with a sudden pang of remembrance, *this* was New Year's morning!

Long before it was light she rose; she dressed quietly, and stole out; the light at the pierhead was still burning. There was a lull in the wind. Holding her shawl about her — too wretched to feel the intense cold of the dark, early morning — she took the road to the harbor. The tide was going out, but the sea ran high; and each great wave in succession surged into the harbor, lifting the tossing boats that were huddled together there, and racing along by the embankment of the roadway, which was whitened both with drifted snow and quivering heaps of foam.

Nellie reached the corner of the pier, and paused for a minute in the shelter of the big granary. She was going forward to the extreme end of the jetty to look out, if by any chance there should be a boat in sight, when a voice from the coast-guard station hailed her. She turned and looked up.

"Don't go any further," shouted the man on watch there; "the waves are breaking over the pier every minute. You might be carried off your feet. You would be drenched through."

Nellie recognized the voice as that of an Englishman belonging to the force. She turned in obedience to the warning.

"The boats were all in last night," he added, leaning on the little white-painted paling and looking down at her; "they are all safe."

"Yes; I ken that," she said; adding timidly, "ye dinna see ony ither boats oot at sea noo, dae ye?"

"Not one," was the reply, "and I should be sorry if I did; they're far better out of sight in a night like this, the further the better, till the sea goes down."

As he spoke a huge wave rose high above the breakwater, hung for a second, and crashed down in a flood of streaming, churning, white water, burying both wall and causeway out of sight. Nellie wearily sighed and turned away. In the faint light the man could not see her face, and he did not know her well enough to recognize her voice. "Poor soul!" he said compassionately, as he watched her go slowly home along the road. Then he resumed his watch, pacing up and down the little green.

When Nellie got back to the cottage, she found her mother awake and dressing. The girl did not speak, but sat listlessly down by the window; her mother came and took her two hands in hers. "Nellie!" she cried in a grieved tone, "whaur ha'e ye been? Yer hauns are like ice." Nellie made no reply, but gazed at her mother in speechless misery. Mrs. Davidson took off her shawl, led her like a child to the warm bed, and made her lie down in it. Pulling off her wet shoes and stockings, she rubbed and chafed her feet until they began to get warm, then she wrapped them in a shawl. She proceeded to rub her hands until they also gained heat, and, tucking in the warm bedclothes well round the girl, with a tender "Sleep, my lambie, sleep," went to kindle the fire. Nellie lay passive, hardly seeming aware of her mother's solicitude. She was worn out with anxiety, and when Mrs. Davidson,

after setting the room to rights, filling the kettle, and sweeping up the hearth, stepped lightly to the bed and bent over her, she found that her poor child was really sleeping. Thankful that she should have this respite, and dreading every moment lest some noise might chance to waken her, she sat down softly on a chair by the bedside, leaning forward so as to shade Nellie's eyes from the increasing daylight. The girl's face grew calm and peaceful as her slumber deepened; she gave one or two restful sighs, and pushed her left hand under her cheek, as was her habit at night. "She's sattled noo; she'll ha'e a guid sleep, puir bairnie," said the mother, and then she turned her thoughts to meet the events of the day. Surely news must come soon. Walter himself might come, guessing their anxiety; and yet that seemed too much to hope. As she mused — through the roar of the wind which had risen again — the sound of a footstep caught her ear; it came past the window as if to her door, and paused. Perhaps it was Walter himself! With a beating heart she rose and crept noiselessly across the room. Yes; she could just see the sleeve of his blue jersey as he stood at the cottage door. Why did he not come in? Did he think it was too early? Her fingers trembled as she opened the door of the room, shutting it carefully behind her. Then she opened the house door. A fisherman stood there, not Walter. She fancied, however, that she knew his face. "Aren't you yane o' the Laings?" she asked.

He nodded.

"A son o' Jamie Laing's that Walter Lindsay sails wi'?" she persisted.

"Ay," he said hoarsely, nodding again.

"An' ye're a' safe in?" she cried. "Oh, thank God! But why did Walter no' come himsel'? Did he send ye? I maun tell my Nellie," she went on, hardly knowing what she said — rejoicing, and yet, from something in his face, afraid to rejoice.

"Wait a meenit," he said, still hoarsely. "Dinna tell her. I ha'e a message for ye, but I dinna want her to hear."

"She's sleepin'," said the poor woman. "Oh! what is't? it's no' bad-news? Is it Walter? Oh, what's come to him? Oh, speak, canna ye?"

"Hoo can I tell ye?" groaned the young fisherman, afraid as he saw her fear. "My faither sent me. We were afraid ye micht hear ony ither gait. Puir Walter!" He stopped.

Mrs. Davidson caught his arm. "He

isna drowned?" she cried. "Oh, wisht! We maunna wake her. Tell me," she whispered piteously, — "he isna drowned? He canna be, and you here."

The fisherman shook his head. "I wush it was him that was here, and no me," he said earnestly. "We cudna help it; we cudna save him. My faither's near oot o' his mind sin it happened."

"Hoo was it?" she asked, trembling all over, and tightening her hold on his arm.

"I dinna richtly ken yet," he said; "it was a' ower in a moment." And then he briefly told how, after they had reached the fishing-ground, and had begun to set their lines, the sky grew suddenly dark, and, almost without warning, a sudden squall struck the water, and filled the air with a flurry of snow. Unwilling to lose their lines, they had delayed a few minutes to take them in — the wind increasing every moment with appalling fury. The other boats had turned to run before it. They were the last, and as they shifted their sail the wind caught it and swung it round violently over the side, knocking Walter overboard. Their own imminent danger, until the sail was secured, kept them from noticing at first what had happened, for no one had seen him fall. They threw out an oar and a barrel, in the hope of his rising to the surface; but there was no sign of him. The wind was tearing up the water and driving the boat before it, so that they could not stop themselves; but they made a tack, and tried to beat back again to the same place. Then they found that, blinded by the snow, they had almost run on an outlying reef of rocks at the east end of the Isle of May; and it being impossible to make head against the wind, they had sorrowfully to give up hope and make for home. They had got in to St. Monans about half an hour later than the other boats, shortly after dark. "There was an awfu' sea on," said the young fisherman. "Naeboddy but faither cud hae done it. I thocht we were a' gane. We just cleared the rocks by a hand's-breadth."

Mrs. Davidson hardly took in the end of his story. Walter was lost, — that was all she clearly comprehended, — and what could be done for Nellie? "You gae roon'," she said, as he ceased, "an' tell the Dunsires, an' say 'at Nellie's had a weary, wakefu' nicht, an' she's sleepin' noo; if they had keep the bairns quiet. Say she disna ken yet."

He went to do her bidding, and the poor mother re-entered the kitchen. Nellie lay

as quiet and peaceful as a child — in deep, restful slumber. Oh, how could she break such woful news? Pondering, with an aching heart, she resolved to make her eat some food first — and then, somehow, she must gather courage and tell her — lest she should hear it from any one else, who would be less tender with her.

She set the breakfast things on the table, and made some tea. The storm showed little sign of abating, although the low winter sun shone out now on the snow which was drifted on the window-sill, and in every corner of the uneven ground between the cottage and the road. When all her preparations were made, she took her knitting, and sat down with her back to the window, so that she could watch her daughter. Her tears fell slowly, and she sighed from time to time as she worked, but her grief made little outward sign. The old recognize trouble at once when it comes to them; its place, so to speak, is waiting in their hearts, its face familiar. It is the young who fight against it as impossible — who will allow it neither claim nor right — who greet it morning by morning with renewed unbelief. Have you not felt this in youth, when death made his first inroad, and robbed you of one who seemed part of your very life? Days, weeks, months hardly sufficed to accustom you to your bereavement; and if at any moment you had been told, "It is all a mistake, your beloved is not dead," — how much easier *that* would have been to believe than the bitter truth time kept silently reiterating?

But Mrs. Davidson was no longer young. She had found it true that sorrow could assail her, could penetrate, thief-like, to her inmost heart. Loss, from seeming impossible, had become probable, inevitable, she thought to herself to-day, as she knitted and watched by her unconscious child.

The morning wore on. She looked out, sometimes at the people passing along the road, — at a ship in the harbor, which was all dressed with flags to greet the New Year. They flew before the wind, and were bright and gay in the sunshine. Behind them stretched the deep blue tossing water. All over it, as far as she could see, as the waves topped and broke, the wild wind caught them, and the whole surface of the sea had a thin, ragged veil of spray sweeping across it; every now and then the sunshine was caught in a rainbow on this silvery mist. The worst of the storm seemed over — it would pass away. But, ah! what desolation it had

wrought! She returned from the window to the bed. Still Nellie slept. After waiting some time longer, the widow took her own breakfast, knowing that, for her daughter's sake, she must keep up her strength.

Then she went about the room moving the furniture quietly into, if possible, greater order. She could not keep still. The geranium, carefully packed for the journey yesterday, stood on the window-sill. "There's nae need to tak' it ower noo," she thought with an aching heart, as she remembered the little house Nellie had taken such pride in making ready, — that now would never be her home. She unpinned and folded away the apron she had so carefully fastened round the plant, whose scarlet flowers seemed one blur of color before her tear-blinded eyes. Then she looked round the room again. Ah! there, on the top of the chest of drawers, lay, carefully folded, the wedding dress, with a handkerchief spread lightly to keep the dust from the dainty little frills of lace adorning the neck and sleeves. Nellie had tried it on two or three nights ago, — it seemed two or three years, — and how pretty she had looked, and how happy she had been! She must not see it now, when she wakened; and with trembling fingers the poor woman lifted it down, so as not to alter the folds, and drew out the lowest drawer in which to hide it. But the drawer was old and fitted badly, and the creak it made was sufficient to waken Nellie, whose sleep, now that she was well rested, grew lighter. She opened her eyes, wondering to find herself lying in bed, dressed, in broad day. In an instant, however, the fear and trouble of the past night flashed into her memory, confirmed by the thundering of the sea and the wind. She saw her mother kneeling by the open drawer, and putting in something. Raising herself on her elbow, she saw it was her wedding dress, and an imperative misgiving seized her heart and hurried her towards certainty. She tried to speak, but her voice died in her throat; the drawer creaked again as it was shut. Mrs. Davidson rose and turned to the bed; their eyes met, and Nellie read the truth in her mother's grief-written face.

"It isna true, mither!" she cried, with white lips; "dinna say it! oh, dinna say it!"

Her mother hurried to her, clasped her in her arms, and they wept together.

Day after day passed slowly by, and night after night. Nellie kept within the cottage; and in obedience to her entreaties,

her mother let no one in to see her — no one except Mr. Lumsden, whom the poor child saw passing the house the day after her trouble came upon her, to whom she sent a message by her mother begging him to come. He came every day after that, and sat with them for a while, often silent, always showing tender sympathy. The gentle pressure of his hand on her bowed head — his few words of strong trust in God's love, and pity for his children — often gave her relief and comfort. She could escape for a little out of herself and the darkness that surrounded her, when he was there.

At other times she would sit for hours gazing from the window at the still stormy, restless, mysterious sea. With a pathetic gentleness new to her, she watched to save her mother every little trouble in the house, only shrinking so evidently from going beyond the doors, that Mrs. Davidson after the first time did not suggest it.

One afternoon, in the third week of the year, Mr. Lumsden was longer of coming than usual, and Nellie began to fear they would not see him. He could not go on giving them so much of his time, she knew. There were many sick or infirm or bedridden people in the village who needed him, and from whom it would be selfish to keep him. Her mother had gone to the spring behind the Toft for water, and she sat alone, when she heard footsteps. They were rapid and hurrying, not like the minister's; but she rose and went towards the door, in time to see the postman, for it was he, pass the window. He pushed open the outer door, after a hasty knock, and flung in a letter. It fell almost at her feet. Then he was gone.

Nellie stooped, picked it up, and looked at the address. It was to herself, in a strange handwriting. In one corner was a bulky heavy enclosure. The postmark was Anstruther. She could remember no one there whom she knew. She turned it over. The flap of the envelope was stamped in blue, with a lighthouse and the words, "May Island Light." Her heart began to throb with a sickening surmise. Tearing open the envelope, she found a little packet wrapped in a letter, which was written in the same unknown hand. She pulled off the papers in which the packet was folded. They contained a piece of cotton wadding, and within it a silver ring — a ring with a heart-shaped ruby sunk in it — the ring Walter had shown to her when they met for the last time in the Lady's Tower.

The last hope which had, almost unconsciously, been lurking in her heart through all these long days died away. Walter, she knew now past all doubting, was indeed drowned. Here was proof. They had found his body cast up by the sea on the bleak, rocky shore of the Isle of May. They had found the ring and sent it to her.

As she turned it round in her fingers, her mother came in.

"It's a' true, mith'er," she heard herself saying, in a strange, hard voice. "This was the ring 'at he was to mairry me wi'."

Mrs. Davidson stared at her in sheer bewilderment.

"That's the letter," continued Nellie, pointing to where it lay on the floor. "I ha'ena read it, but I see it's frae the lighthouse fouk; and they maun ha'e found Walter, efter he was drooned, and kent whae it was by the ring."

Her own voice, the meaning of her words, seemed as unreal to Nellie as to her mother.

"But hoo wad they ken tae send it tae you?" objected her mother. "It maun be Walter that tauld them. Maybe he wasna drooned; wait or we read the letter."

She got her spectacles from the mantel-piece, and sat down at the table, spreading the closely written sheet in front of her. It was from the wife of one of the lighthouse-keepers, and was dated January 3d:—

"I write at the Request of Walter Lindsay, to Acquaint you that he is here in safety—on the May Island. His Right Arm being broken, he is prevented writing himself. He asks me to Inform you that on the Last Day of the Year, soon after his boat reached the fishing-Ground, a little to the East of this Island, a very violent Storm, accompanied with Snow, came on suddenly; and in shifting their Sail to go home, the Wind struck it, and the Boat must have Foundered instantly. He was struck on the Head, and his Right Arm broken. When he came to the Surface, he could see no trace of the Boat, or of his Companions. And it is certain they must have Perished. He found an oar from the Boat, and a small barrel Floating near him, of which he caught Hold. The current seems to have caried him in to the Shore. But that he should have escaped Death on the Rocks—for he is very much cut and Bruised, and that my Husband should have seen him, for though the Snow stopped falling, it was

almost Dark—this seems little short of a Miracle."

"Eh! the Lord be thankit!" ejaculated Mrs. Davidson fervently, stopping to wipe both her eyes and her spectacles.

Nellie seized the letter, and went on reading to herself, finding the place with some difficulty, for the lines were very uneven and close together, and the long, straggling capitals strayed up and down from one into another.

"Little short of a Miracle. There are many Wrecks round the Island," went on the letter, "but it is only Twice since we came here that any one has Been Saved. We have no Hope that any of Walter Lindsay's companions have Escaped. he is very Weak from loss of blud, and the exposure; and I write this Letter to go by the steamer to-morrow, that you may kno of his safety. he will be able to Go by the next Weekly Steamer after this one. He asks me to enclose This Ring as a token to make You sure of his safety. You must not be surprised if this good News should be Delayed, for it is still Such a storm, the steamer may not Come; but I have Written to be ready when she Does."

Nellie was so absorbed in the letter that she did not notice a shadow cross the window, which made her mother start up. Nor did she hear footsteps enter the open doorway; only her mother's exclamation, in a tone of tremulous gladness, "Eh, Nellie, wumman, see! whae's this? whae's this?" roused her. She looked up, and there, on the threshold, beside Mr. Lumsden, whose kind face beamed with pleasure,—there, scarred and pale, his right arm in a sling, but alive, alive from the dead, stood Walter Lindsay!

From Temple Bar.

BENYOWSKY.

OTHELLO'S narrative sums up, with singular exactness, the story of the strange career which we are now about to trace. The history of the Count de Benyowsky is a tale

of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field,
Of being taken by the insolent foe
And sold to slavery.

It is a tale which, as it tells

of his redemption thence,
And portance in his travel's history,

whirls the reader round the globe, through every kind of peril and adventure, through scenes that change at every instant like the aspects of a dream. It is this swift succession of events so varied and so striking that imparts to Benyowsky's story its peculiar color of romance. He is the Candide and the Monte Christo of real life.

He was born in the year 1741 at Verbowa, the family estate in Hungary, was baptized by the names of Maurice Augustus, and, as the son of a magnate, was brought up at the court of Vienna. The fortunes of his early years were well adapted to call forth his character. His father was a general of the Emperor's Horse; and the boy, being destined for the same profession, received at fourteen the rank of lieutenant, marched against Prussia, and fought in four pitched battles before he was seventeen. While he was absent in Lithuania, his father died, and he became the Count de Benyowsky. But his brothers, during his absence, seized on his estate. He instantly flew home, raised and armed a party of his vassals, and drove off the birds of prey. But the interloping heirs had friends at court. He was accused as a rebel and a rioter. His castle and domains were taken from him by the State and given over to the clutch of the usurpers. In anger and disgust he turned his back upon his country, and having a desire to study seamanship, repaired to Amsterdam, and thence to Plymouth. There he found time to learn, not only how to sail a ship, but how to play a game of chess, and how to twang the harp.

He then resolved to see the world; but as he was about to step on board a vessel bound for the West Indies, the States of Poland sent him an appeal to join their confederation against Russia. His bold, restless, and adventurous spirit leaped at the proposal. He crossed to Warsaw, took the oaths, and held himself in instant readiness for action. But before he was required to draw his sword he chanced to fall into a fever, while staying at the house of a gentleman of Zips named Hensky, was nursed back into health by his host's three daughters, fell in love with one of them, and married her. The honeymoon was scarcely over when he was summoned by the States to Cracow, which a Russian force was marching to besiege. Without venturing to tell his bride where he was going, he tore himself from her embrace, and rode away upon that fatal enterprise which was destined to prove fruitful of so many strange vicissitudes.

Benyowsky was now twenty-seven; a soldier and a sailor, master of a handsome face and figure, a constitution made of iron, a manner which, according to occasion, could sway the minds of men or steal away the hearts of ladies, a ready wit, a tongue which spoke six languages with equal ease, a spirit to which peril and adventure were as the breath of life. Such a man was likely to turn out a dangerous enemy. And so the Russians were to find.

He arrived at Cracow just as Count Parrin, with the Russian force, appeared before the walls. He was at once appointed colonel-general of the cavalry; and speedily his troop of horse became a name of terror. Provisions from the first were scarce, and soon ran very low. Benyowsky dashed out of the town, stormed and took the fort of Landscron, and fought his way again into the city with thirty prisoners, a herd of oxen, and sixty baggage-wagons heaped with grain. The Russians, stung with rage, drew close their lines of siege. In vain. Benyowsky, with his troop, stole out at dead of night, swam across the Vistula, gained the open country, collected wagons in the villages, and loaded them with spoil. The point was then to lodge them in the town. It was three o'clock at night, and a dim moon was rising. Benyowsky placed the convoy with a party under Baron de Kluscusky, set himself at the head of the remainder, and dashed upon the camp. The Russians, as he expected, flew forth like angry hornets. His charge was beaten off, half his little band were killed or taken, and he himself was cut down from his saddle, wounded in two places, and secured. But meantime the baron had slipped softly through the lines, and the wagons were all safe within the city.

Benyowsky was ransomed for a thousand pounds—a disastrous bargain for the Russians—and returned into the town. When next he issued forth, he was alone and in disguise; but six hundred troopers were prepared to join him at a given signal. He made his way to Lublau Castle, beguiled the governor with a glib pretext, and looked about him at his leisure. His plans for seizing on the fort were ready, his six hundred men were on the march, when their commander let the secret slip within the hearing of a spy. The spy flew with the tidings to the governor. Benyowsky was instantly made captive, and sent in irons to the Russian general.

A band of his own troops released him

on the road. At the head of these he set himself to scour the country, his ranks swelling as he went. The Russians, in reprisal, put a price upon his head, and sent out a party to secure him, dead or living. Benyowsky kept his scouts on the alert, concealed his infantry in a wood beside the road near Sokul, and himself lay watching with his troopers opposite, behind a little hill. All one day and half the night he lay in ambush. At length, in the grey light of morning, the scouts came rushing in. The enemy, three thousand men, were marching down the road. Benyowsky watched his moment, darted out of his retreat, and killed or captured the whole party.

At last a troop of Cossacks came upon him by surprise at Szuka. They had with them a howitzer, stuffed to the muzzle with old iron, stones, and rubbish. This piece was fired off in the skirmish, and Benyowsky was struck down by the hail of missiles. Stunned, bruised, and bleeding from no less than seventeen wounds, he was seized by the exultant enemy, and carried off in chains.

And then began his tribulations.

Wounded as he was, no surgeon was allowed him. He was fed on bread and water; he was forced to march all day in heavy chains. His guards at first were bound for Kiov; but discovering when they reached Polone that their prisoner was dying, they were obliged to leave him in the hospital. As soon as he began to mend, his chains were once more fastened on him, and he was conducted to the dungeon of the city fortress.

The dungeon was a den, far underneath the ground, where eighty captives were cooped up together. No ray of light could penetrate the darkness; sighs, groans, the noise of clanking chains alone disturbed the silence. The den was never cleaned; the foul air cherished pestilence; and in one corner stood a pile of noisome corpses, which grew larger day by day. Within this fetid hole, dolorous as a pit of the lost souls in Malebolge, Benyowsky wore away three weeks of living death.

On the twenty-second day of his captivity the survivors, leaving thirty-five dead bodies in the den, were led forth into the Place of Arms, where several hundred prisoners were assembled. These were chained in rows together, and started on the march to Kiov. The hardships of that journey were such as would have tasked a strong man in full health; and Benyowsky was half famished, wounded, limping on a crutch. The roads were

steep and rugged; but the prisoners were beaten forward by the guards like cattle. To increase their miseries, the commander of the guards turned out a greedy thief, who stole the prisoners' bread, sold it, and put the proceeds in his pocket. At night-fall, he accepted from the villagers, among whose huts the prisoners ought to have been quartered, petty bribes to leave them undisturbed; and Benyowsky and his fellow-captives were lodged on the bare ground and left to shiver in the snow and rain. The result was such as might have been expected. The road was strewn with dead and dying. Out of near nine hundred prisoners who left Polone, less than a hundred and fifty scarecrows crawled, half alive, into the gates of Kiov.

Benyowsky, on arriving, fell into a fever, and for ten days was raving in delirium. The moment he began to mend he was sent forward to Cazan. There he was lodged in the house of a goldsmith named Vendischor, and found himself at liberty to move about the town, to pay visits, and make friends.

A bold idea struck him; he would organize in secret all the exiles in the city, attack the governor and the garrison, and regain his freedom *vi et armis*. He went instantly to work. One by one conspirators were sworn; the design grew, and promised well; when one night two of the intriguers quarrelled. One of them went straight to the governor, revealed the whole plot, and named Benyowsky as the leading spirit.

The next night, about eleven o'clock, as Benyowsky was just stepping into bed, a loud knocking was heard at the street-door. He lighted a candle, wrapped himself in a dressing-gown, went down-stairs, and opened the door. An officer with twenty soldiers stood without, who had been sent to take him. A curious freak of fortune saved him. The officer, who did not know his features, took him for a servant, and demanded whether the Count de Benyowsky were within; then, without waiting for an answer, he snatched the candle from his hand, and darted up the stairs to seize his prisoner. Benyowsky, left alone below, took in the situation at a glance. He drew his dressing-gown about him, and slipped away into the night.

He hastened to the house of Major Wynblath, one of the companions of his plot. The two resolved to risk their lives on a bold venture. They stole out of the town, procured horses at the nearest village, and giving out that they were officers with despatches from the governor of

Cazan, got safely to St. Petersburg. There they found a skipper due to sail next day for Holland. They booked a passage with him for five hundred ducats, and arranged to meet at midnight on the bridge across the Neva.

Midnight came; the fugitives were at the bridge. The skipper was behind his time; but in a few minutes they descried him coming. He appeared to be alone; but as he stepped up to Benyowsky, twenty soldiers started out of the darkness at his back, knocked them both down, and made them fast. The honest skipper had been seized with a suspicion, and had sold his passengers for a round sum to the police.

Benyowsky, separated from the major, was conducted to the fortress and locked up in a solitary cell. The place might have been a dungeon in the Tower of Famine. For three days, not a soul came near him. He had neither bread nor water. When at the close of the third day a gaoler entered with a pitcher and a crust, he found a gaunt-eyed spectre, weaker than a child.

The ghost was dragged before the council, questioned, and again remanded to his cell. But his fate was sealed. Ten days later, in the dead of night, an officer with seven soldiers opened the cell door, clothed him in a dress of sheepskins, loaded him again with chains, and led him forth. Outside the fort, a two-horsed sledge was waiting. Benyowsky was placed upon it, a soldier took the seat beside him, and the horses instantly flew forward into the darkness of the night.

By the tinkling noise of sledge-bells on the road behind him, the count judged that he was not alone; and when day dawned he discovered that the train was one of sixteen sledges, which were carrying six prisoners, under a guard of Cosacks, across the vast Siberian regions of eternal ice to lifelong exile in Kamchatka.

The distance from St. Petersburg to Kamchatka is, as the crow flies, full four thousand miles. The journey through that arctic wilderness was, at the best of times, a task of many months and of the bitterest privations. Sometimes the exiles were so happy as to pass a night among a nest of Tartar huts; but in general they encamped among the snow. When provisions were in plenty, they broke their fast on fish or horse-flesh, with a pitcher of mare's milk; but more than once they were reduced to birch-bark sopped in water, while the horses fed on moss. At first their course lay over

boundless level plains of snow, broken here and there by grim low hills and swept by icy whirlwinds, over which they passed in sledges, sometimes drawn by horses, sometimes flying at the heels of elks. Then the road ran through gigantic woods and over mountains where no sledge could travel, and where they tramped on foot, frozen with the cold and dropping with fatigue. On one such mountain-top two of the conductors sank down beside the way, and never rose again. Thence they moved through rugged passes where the sledges could be only drawn by dogs. To drive a team of dogs requires much practice; and so Benyowsky, who knew nothing of the art, discovered to his cost. More than once sledge, team, and driver went rolling down a precipice together from a height of sixty feet. Luckily, the snow was soft and yielding; and man and beast were hoisted out again, scared, bruised, and shaken, but with no broken bones.

At last, in spite of every misadventure, they arrived at Okotsk on the coast, whence they were to cross by ship to the peninsula of Kamchatka. They embarked; the ship weighed anchor; but scarcely was she out of sight of land when the captain and the officers broached a brandy-cask, and speedily were all as drunk as pipers. The mate was in the hold in irons; and in this position of affairs a storm sprang up, which raged with increasing fury every hour. The crew were helpless; no officer was capable of giving orders. In the middle of the night, the main-mast sprung. The captain, roused by the uproar, came tumbling up the hatchway from his drunken sleep, was struck by the falling wreck of spars, knocked down the steps, and broke his arm. The shock aroused him to a sense of danger; and, finding that the count could navigate the ship, he gave him charge of her, and went below. All that night Benyowsky kept the ship before the wind. Next morning the gale slackened. A stay was stretched from the mast's stump to the bowsprit; a foresail was rigged up; and Benyowsky, finding the ship manageable, began to think of attempting to escape. He first endeavored, but in vain, to gain the crew. Then he placed a lump of iron on the binnacle, which falsified the compass, insomuch that the ship appeared to sail due east, when in reality she was sailing south. How this device might have succeeded is not known; for unluckily a gale of wind sprang up from the south-west, which drove the ship di-

rectly to Kamchatka, and into the harbor of the river Bolsha.

The prisoners were disembarked, and taken up the river in a boat to the town of Bolsoretskoy Ostrogg. Here they were conducted to the fortress, and the rules of their life in exile were explained to them. They would be set at liberty, supplied with a musket, a lance, powder, lead, an axe, knives, tools for building cabins, and provisions for three days, after which they were expected to maintain themselves by hunting, in the dreary wastes, ermines, wolverines, and sables. Every exile was compelled to report himself once daily to the guards; and disobedience to a guard was punished by starvation.

The little village of the exiles was situated at a league's distance from the town. It consisted of eight cabins, in which lived fifty men and women. Thither the count and his companions were now led, and were received into the huts of their fellow-exiles until they should be able to build cabins for themselves. Benyowsky was quartered in the hut of M. Crustiew—a person of much influence among the exiles. That evening, as they sat before the fire, with brandy, tea, and caviare beside them, Benyowsky began to sound his new companion on the chances of escape. Crustiew had a few books in his cabin, among which was "Anson's Voyages." It was natural that such a book should have suggested the sole project of escape which in truth was possible. To attempt to cross the awful wilderness through which they had come thither was quite hopeless. But Crustiew believed that it might be possible to seize a ship, and to escape by sea. Benyowsky listened; and from that moment the design was never absent from his mind.

Next day the governor, whose name was Nilow, sent for Benyowsky to the fort. An agreeable surprise awaited him. Nilow, hearing that the count spoke several languages, desired to appoint him tutor to his family, which consisted of three daughters and a son; Benyowsky being still to occupy his cabin in the exile village, but to be exempted from the duties of his comrades, and to receive the pay and rations of a soldier.

The count accepted the proposal with great willingness. But the scheme had a result which neither he nor Nilow had foreseen. Next day he met his pupils, gave them their first lesson, and afterwards amused them with an account of his adventures. The youngest girl, Aphanasia, a lovely damsel of sixteen, listened

as Desdemona listened to Othello, and with a like result. Aphanasia fell in love with Benyowsky.

Chance, as it happened, was to throw them still more intimately together. Aphanasia's mother desired her to learn music, and Benyowsky undertook to be her music-master. Unfortunately, the count could only play the harp; and no harp existed in the whole peninsula. Benyowsky, in this predicament, volunteered to make one. He formed the frame of wood, twisted strings, of deer's gut, and produced an instrument which, although in his own phrase "not very lively," enchanted all the people at the fort, and Aphanasia most of all. She and her harp thenceforward were inseparable companions; and her passion for the giver fed itself in secret, and grew stronger day by day.

Nilow, a drunken brutal despot, had betrothed his daughter to a rich Kuzina, as drunken and as brutal as himself. Benyowsky heard this story. He could not marry her himself; but he determined, if it were possible, to rescue her from the Kuzina, whom she detested heart and soul.

Meantime, he chanced to make acquaintance with a hetman of the Cossacks named Kolassow, who had lost large sums in playing chess for wagers. Discovering that Benyowsky was a skilful player, Kolassow matched the count against two wealthy merchants, Casarinow and Csulosinkow. Benyowsky was to play a set of fifty games against whatever champions these two might choose to bring. The games were played; the stakes were heavy, and Benyowsky and his backer swept in several thousand roubles. But this result, though gratifying, was one which very nearly cost the count his life.

Csulosinkow was the first who took his losses badly. One night he lay in wait, together with his cousin, as Benyowsky was returning to his cabin. The pair sprang out upon him, armed with knives and bludgeons. Benyowsky had no weapon but a stick, and in the first instance he was badly wounded. By good fortune, with one blow he split the cousin's skull; and at that Csulosinkow fell upon his knees and roared for mercy. Benyowsky let him go,—and himself crawled homeward to his cabin, where during the next ten days he lay in bed. The cousin died.

Casarinow took a stealthier method of revenge. On New Year's day the prisoners arranged a humble festival among

themselves. Casarinow sent then, on the occasion, a present of some sugar, which the exiles put into their tea. The sugar had been poisoned; and in a few minutes the whole company were rolling on the ground in horrible convulsions. Benyowsky, who had only sipped his cup, found himself quaking like a man with ague. Copious draughts of whale-oil gave the sufferers relief. But one of them, who had drunk largely, died on the spot, while another recovered only from the jaws of death.

The sugar was suspected. A sample, wrapped up in a piece of fish, was tested on a dog and on a cat. The animals went into strong convulsions, and in ten minutes both were dead.

Next morning Benyowsky called upon the governor, and accused Casarinow of the crime. Nilow was at first incredulous; but Benyowsky hit upon a simple proof. Casarinow was invited to drink tea at the fort that afternoon. He came; the tea was brought, and Casarinow was about to put it to his lips when Nilow mentioned, with a careless air, that he had received his sugar from the exiles, who had passed it to him as a New Year's gift. Instantly Casarinow turned as white as ashes. "Why, Casarinow," said his host, "you look ill. But drink; the tea will cure you." The wretched man put down the cup, and turned away. His guilt was manifest. Nilow made a sign, the guards rushed in, and he was seized and dragged away to prison.

This adventure was well over. But another cause of trouble was at hand. One of Benyowsky's fellow-exiles, Hippolitus Stephanow, had caught a glimpse of Aphanasia, and had lost his heart. Bursting with envy, he saw the count rise into favor. Thenceforth, to plot and cavil against Benyowsky became the business of his life. He began by insulting him among the exiles; then he challenged him to fight. The count accepted. The assailants met with broadswords, and Stephanow was speedily disarmed. Benyowsky spared his life; and Stephanow broke into a flood of gratitude, which afterwards, as will be seen, turned out to be worth nothing.

While these events were passing, the count's resolution to escape had never for an instant faltered. He had formed, in secret, a council of the exiles, of which he was himself the ruling spirit. He was waiting only for an opportunity to play a desperate game; and at last the chance arrived.

A captain of the name of Csurin was in harbor with his ship, with which he was engaged to sail to Okotsk. Csurin had fallen in with a damsel of Kamchatka, whom he desired to carry off; but he durst not sail to Okotsk, where a process was abroad against him on a charge of having mutinied two years before. In this predicament Benyowsky gained his ear. It was not difficult to persuade a desperate man to share the lot of men as desperate as himself. It was agreed to man the ship with Benyowski's comrades, and to escape, if possible, together in the darkness of the night.

The risks of the attempt were great. And everything depended on success. If the attempt failed, the adventurers would wear away the remnant of their lives in chains and dungeons, and the last state of their captivity would be bitterer than the first. Yet a chance so golden could on no account be missed. Benyowsky resolved to get on board, if it were possible, without awakening suspicion—but, if he were discovered and opposed, to fight to the last man, and either reach the ship or perish.

Preparations for the attempt at once began. But before everything was ready an incident occurred which nearly ruined all.

Ivan Kudrin, one of the conspirators, proposed, like Captain Csurin, to carry off a wife. The object of his choice was Aphanasia's maid. In deepest secrecy he told his charmer of his purpose. She, bursting with importance, revealed it to her mistress; and Aphanasia heard for the first time of Benyowsky's project of departure.

By this time, Aphanasia regarded Benyowsky as her lover. In this the count was much to blame. His thoughts of Aphanasia, it is true, were those of perfect honor. He intended, if she chose to join the exile's wives, to take her with them, and to save her from her fate with the Kuzina. But he had never told her that he could not be her lover—that he had left a bride behind him—a bride whose image in his mind, through all his dangers, led him like a star. When Aphanasia, drowned in tears, now burst upon him, crying aloud that she was wretched and forsaken, he told her his proposal for her safety; but he still told her nothing more. It is not easy to acquit the count of dealing lightly with a singularly pure and simple heart.

Aphanasia, however, was delighted. She vowed, not only to be secret, but to

send him a red ribbon, should any sign of danger become apparent in the fort.

A few days passed — and the red ribbon came. By whatever means, the governor's suspicions were aroused. He was preparing to arrest the conspirators in a body.

The count instantly made ready; the exiles were assembled, arms in hand, in Benyowsky's cabin. It was a desperate enterprise; and the hearts of the little band beat high within them, as they awaited the beginning of events which were to end in death or freedom.

The day — the 20th of April — was closing into dusk, when a corporal with four grenadiers was reported to be approaching from the town. The corporal came up to the cabin door and called on Benyowsky to attend him to the fortress. The count thrust his head out of a window and in a pleasant voice invited the corporal to step in and drink a glass of wine before they started. The corporal loved a glass of wine. He entered. Instantly the door was shut, four pistols were presented to his breast, and he was bidden, on his life, to summon his soldiers one by one into the hut. As they entered, they were seized and bound; and in three minutes all five men were lying safely in the cellar.

Four hours passed; it was nine o'clock, and almost dark, when a strong body of soldiery, armed with a cannon, was announced to be approaching. A single cannon shot would have sufficed to blow the hut and all within it into atoms. Benyowsky called upon his comrades. Filled with the fire of men whose lives were in their hands, they rushed forth upon the foe. The soldiers, panic-stricken at that furious onset, left the cannon and raced like hares into the neighboring woods.

Dragging the cannon with them, the conspirators stole forward to the fort. The sentinel, seeing in the dusky light a troop approaching with a cannon, imagined that his own companions were returning. He gave the challenge; but Benyowsky, with a pistol in his hand, bade a prisoner return the counter-word. The man obeyed; the sentinel let fall the drawbridge; the exiles rushed across it, blew down the grating with a petard, and burst into the fort.

Then the fight was fierce and brief. Nilow, refusing to accept his life, was in the act of firing his pistol at Benyowsky, when he was struck down. The guards, of whom twelve only had been left within, were

killed or taken. And the fort was in the hands of the exiles.

By this time all the town was rising — at least three hundred Cossacks were in arms; and soon a storming party, with Kolassow at its head, appeared before the gate. But the ramparts were alive with fiery eyes, the bridge was up, the castle guns were roaring. Kolassow was compelled to change his tactics; he drew off beyond the reach of shot, to the heights which overlooked the castle, and prepared to starve them out.

But the count was ready with a counter-scheme. No sooner was Kolassow gone, than he sent a band of men into the streets to gather the women and children together in the church. Nearly a thousand were soon mustered, and locked in. Chairs, tables, railings, doors, were broken up and piled at the four corners of the building. Three women and twelve girls were then despatched as envoys to Kolassow, announcing that unless the Cossacks instantly laid down their arms, the building would be set in flames and every soul within it perish.

Benyowsky had relied on the bare threat to prove effectual; but time passed, and still Kolassow gave no sign. Benyowsky bade a pile be kindled. In an instant, as the flames shot up, the heights became alive with handkerchiefs and white-fluttering flags of truce. Soon fifty Cossacks, fiery-hot with haste, came racing in advance, crying aloud that all the troops were following, and had laid down their arms. The aspect of the flames — mere idle menace as it was — had wrought like magic. The count received into the fort as hostages fifty-two of the chief townsmen, and ordered the church doors to be thrown open.

And now the count was lord, not only of the castle, but of the town itself. He was able to complete at ease his preparations for the voyage.

He had, during the assault, received a wound in the right leg; and he was forced to lie in idleness for several days. Stephanow, his ever-watchful enemy, chose this moment for an act of spite. He sent Aphanasia a letter, informing her that Benyowsky was already married, and offering himself as the avenger of her wrongs.

Had Stephanow achieved the object of his letter, Benyowsky would have been but justly served. But Aphanasia's passion was of that pure, self-sacrificing kind which is more common in romance than in real life. She went to Benyowsky,

showed him the letter, and demanded of him, in reproachful accents, wherefore he had feared to tell her all. Her only wish was to be near him; since she could not be his wife, she would be his daughter—or rather, for the present, she would be his son. In order that she might be more useful on board ship, she meant to put on a boy's dress. Aphanasia had her way. On the morning of departure she appeared on board, lovely, like Jessica, "in the garnish of a boy." In accordance with her change of sex, her comrades changed her name, and from that moment she was called Achilles.

It was the 11th of May, 1771, when the exiles, ninety-six in all, embarked on board of the *St. Peter and St. Paul*. Every other ship in harbor, which might be used in the pursuit, was set in flames. The hostages were sent ashore, the flag of Poland run up to the peak; and a salute of twenty cannon, thundering from the port-holes, proclaimed that the bold slaves had gained their freedom.

And then began "the moving accidents" of sea.

The ship stood out of harbor among masses of rough ice, through which at times a way was only to be forced by firing cannon at the floes. At night, the deck was covered with a sheet of ice two inches thick; and huge fires, flaming round the masts, were required to thaw the sails, which froze as stiff as iron. In spite of all precautions the vessel, battered by the floating bergs, sprang a leak; the pumps had to be kept going day and night; and before the rift was stopped the crew were dropping with fatigue. Then the water-barrels froze and burst; Benyowsky was compelled to limit the supply; and thereon Stephanow, still ripe for mischief, stirred up certain of the crew to mutiny. These men, in search of water, tapped a brandy-barrel by mistake, drank themselves into a frenzy, and staved in every water-cask but two. When, next day, the mutineers grew sober and realized their folly they turned on Stephanow in fury, and would have hanged him from the yards. The count, however, once more saved the life of his insidious enemy; and Stephanow was made a scullion.

But the mischief was achieved. The ship was nearing warmer regions. No land was in sight; and food, as well as water, ran so low that a little bread made out of salted fish ground into powder was all that could be served out daily. Famine forced the crew to strange expedients.

At one time beaver-skins, chopped into mince-meat, were stewing in whale-oil; at another, twenty pairs of boots were boiling in the pot. On the 14th of July—nine weeks after their departure—the ship was still a fortnight from Japan; and the water was all gone.

And now, for the first time in his career, Benyowsky gave up everything for lost. Ill-health, following on his wound, had shaken him; and he believed that he was dying. He resigned his office as commander, gave some last instructions, crawled into his hammock, and lay down to wait for death.

But in the middle of that night the count's dog Nestor was seen standing on the forecastle, thrusting out his nose at the horizon, and barking like a dog gone frantic. Nestor was a prophet. When day dawned, a line of land was lying like a cloud on the horizon. It was a desert island, rich in fruit and game. In an hour the crew were shooting goats and boars, breaking open cocoanuts, and munching pineapples and bananas in the wild and lonely woods.

The water-casks were filled; the ship's larder was replenished; and the sails were once more given to the wind. A fortnight later the ship sailed safely into Usilpatchar Bay; and the voyagers found themselves surrounded by almond eyes and yellow faces, by gaudy, fluttering dresses and twirling parasols.

Benyowsky waited on the king. He found that potentate seated on a yellow sofa in a rich saloon, apparelled in a robe of blue and green, and girdled with a yellow girdle. The king received the count with great hospitality. The visitor was invited to a royal feast; and Benyowsky tried, but tried in vain, to eat a bird's-nest with a pair of chop-sticks. In return, he taught the monarch how to use a musket, with which his Majesty, to his infinite delight, killed a horse at the first shot.

The king presented Benyowski with a jewelled sabre, a string of pearls, and a box of gold and gems. The ship revictualled; and the voyagers stood away for China.

Twelve days later they touched in passing at the island of Usmay Ligon. Benyowsky put to land in the ship's boat. A high sea was running; the boat was swamped, and the crew were swept into the surf. The count was dashed upon a rock, and was with difficulty dragged by his companions to the shore, where for some time he lay senseless, and to all appearance dead. But brandy and assidu-

ous chafing were at length effective. His eyes opened and he returned to life.

The natives of the island had been civilized to some extent by a Jesuit missionary named Ignatio Salis, who had lived long among them. Ignatio was now dead; but his memory was still held in the profoundest reverence. His breviary, borne upon a carpet, was regarded as a talisman; his ashes rested in an earthen urn upon the altar of the nation's savage temple. The present chieftain was a captain of Tonquin who had been Ignatio's fellow-worker. This man, whose name was Nicolo, received the voyagers with great hospitality, placed huts at their disposal while the ship was undergoing some repairs, and did his best, indeed, to persuade Benyowsky to settle with him on the island. But for his wife at home Benyowsky might have yielded. He replied, in fact, that he must first see Europe, but that very probably he might then return.

At this the natives shouted with delight. Nothing could content them but that Benyowsky should select a bride among the native beauties, to whom on his return he might be married. In the court of Nicolo's house the old men of the tribe were seated in a circle. Seven women, veiled from head to foot, led forth into the circle the seven fairest virgins of the nation. The robes of these dark beauties were of silver satin, girdled with blue zones; their locks were loose and streaming, and were garlanded with flowers. Benyowsky was provided with a scarf, which he was enjoined to cast upon the object of his choice. The count, with much apparent circumspection, cast the scarf at one of the fair seven. Instantly, her companions begin to dance about her in a circle; and Benyowsky found himself betrothed to Tinto Volganta, which is by interpretation, the Luminous Moon.

Again the ship set sail. Two days afterwards she touched Formosa. An exploring party landed, and came across a tribe of natives, headed by a Spaniard, Don Hieronimo Pacheco, whose appearance must have strikingly resembled Robinson Crusoe's in his dress of skins. This man's history was itself a dark and strange romance. He had been a grandee of Manilla, had surprised his wife in the embraces of a priest, had plunged his sword into the hearts of both, had fled in a small vessel manned by six of his own slaves, had landed at Formosa, and during the last seven years had been a savage chief. Don Hieronimo came on board the ship, and welcomed Benyowsky with

great friendship. But meantime a party of the crew on land had come across a hostile tribe; and presently the ship's boat was seen returning from the shore with several of the crew stuck full of arrows, and three men dead or dying at the bottom.

Benyowsky had not meant to tarry at the island. But the slaughter of their comrades roused the crew to fury. The count and Don Hieronimo put their men together, descended on the hostile tribe, slew a vast number of them, and burnt their village to the ground.

Prince Huapo, one of the greatest chieftains of the country, seeing this achievement, offered Benyowsky a rich prize to march against his enemy, Prince Hapuasingo. The count accepted this proposal, marched with forty men upon the nest of wigwams which Hapuasingo called his city, seized him as he was hiding, like Achilles, among his women, and brought him back a captive. Huapo, in his gratitude, presented Benyowsky with a massy pile of silver, gold, and jewels. This barbaric treasure the count shared among his followers. "A generous gift"—as he remarks in point—"is worth a thousand speeches, of whatever eloquence."

Once more the sails were spread; and thence the ship made way without adventure. A few days later, on the morning of the 22nd of September, she sailed safely into the harbor of Mecao. The escape was finally accomplished; the voyage was at an end.

Benyowsky claimed protection from the flag of France, and at once obtained a passage on the Dauphin. But before the exiles separated two misfortunes fell upon him. Stephanow, who had taken service with the Dutch Company, broke open the count's chest, robbed him of all the presents and mementos which he had gathered on the voyage, sold them for a trifle to a Jew, and disappeared. This calamity, however, was nothing to the deep affliction which now overtook him. Aphanasia, the angel of his deliverance, his adopted daughter, was seized with a swift fever, sank, and died.

With this grief upon his spirit, Benyowsky sailed for France. He landed, waited on the Duc d'Aiguillon, and was at once invited to enter the French service. The count accepted the proposal, and sent off an equerry to bring his wife from Zips. Through all his perils and adventures—in the battle against Russia, in the den at Cazan, with the snow-surrounded sledges, among the exiles' cabins, in the lands of

savage tribes — her form had ever been a pole-star, cheering, guiding, glittering before his inner eye. She came with all the speed that could be urged; and what that meeting was must be imagined.

The Duc d'Aiguillon, at the king's desire, proposed that Benyowsky should proceed to Madagascar, with the design of planting on the island a French settlement. No proposal could have better suited his adventurous spirit. A ship was fitted out; three hundred men were sent on board; and on the 22nd of March, 1773, the count, together with his wife, set sail from Europe. It was the last and strangest venture of his life.

The ship first anchored at the Isle of France. The count was armed with letters to the governor, who was charged to aid the expedition with all requisite supplies. But Benyowsky, on handing in his papers, found himself received with howls of rage. The merchants of the isle looked jealously on the projected settlement, which threatened to interfere with their own trade. Impediments of every kind were brought against him; and at length he was compelled to sail for Madagascar, without the stores he had expected, and with faint prospect of receiving more.

He landed at Louisburg in Antimaroa. And his calamities at once began.

That night the native chieftains, twenty-eight in number, came, attended by two thousand black retainers, to listen to his scheme. To this assembly Benyowsky painted in a speech of glowing colors the profit to be gathered from a trade with France. The dusky kings appeared to acquiesce, drank a barrel of the settlers' brandy with yells of approbation, and dispersed. But next day all was changed. A chief named Siloulout demanded to confer with Benyowsky in a neighboring wood. The count sent forward spies; three hundred men were lying in an ambush, ready to murder him on his arrival Benyowsky, with a troop, burst suddenly upon them, and sent them flying to the winds. Next day the river was dyed red with the heavy-fruited branches of the tanguin-tree, which turned the water into deadly poison. Benyowsky cleared the river, burnt down all the tanguins in the district, and once more cheated his insidious foes. But thenceforward ceaseless vigilance was needed; and there were dangers against which no vigilance could avail. The climate, at that season, was, to Europeans, almost as perilous as a poisonous stream. A little village of

log huts was built with toil, together with a fortress and a hospital. The hospital was soon required. The air was charged with fever, the stores were poor, the stock of drugs was scanty, and the colonists, by some strange oversight, had with them no physician. At one time Benyowsky and his wife, both stricken by the fell miasma, were lying at death's door together. From the Isle of France no aid could be obtained. The recruits sent out, ostensibly to swell the little force, turned out to be thieves and cutthroats from the dungeons, or dying men out of the hospital. And in this position the tiny colony was compelled to keep perpetually alert against the Saphirobai and the Seclaves, two tribes which every day grew bolder and more insolent.

For several months the struggle was kept up with heroic resolution. But disasters thickened; the natives could be kept at bay no longer; the complete destruction of the settlers seemed inevitably at hand; when an event, unexcelled in strangeness among all the visions of romance, in an instant changed the scene as by enchantment.

Benyowsky had brought over from the Isle of France an old, half-crazy negress called Susanna, who had been sold in childhood to the French. Among Susanna's fellow-captives had been the daughter of the Ampansacabe, the supreme king of Madagascar, Ramini Larizon. The race of Ramini were both seers and kings. They traced their proud descent from a kinsman of Mahomet, the great prophet; and their power over their subjects was almost that of gods. Since the death of Larizon, sixty-six years before, there had been no heir to take the rank and office. His daughter, indeed, had, during her captivity, borne a son; but the boy had become lost to sight; and the great and sacred name, at which fifty thousand dusky worshippers had once hushed their breath, now seemed to have become extinct forever.

But now there came a marvel. The lost heir was rediscovered. By certain marks which could not be mistaken, Susanna, who had lived in serfdom with his mother, had recognized his person. A vision from on high impelled her to proclaim the tidings. Raving like a prophetess in frenzy she began to cry aloud a word which made the ears that heard of it to tingle. The lost heir was Benyowsky!

The strange hallucination spread like wildfire. The tribe of the Sambarives, to

which the Ramini belonged, rose up in tumult. One of their chiefs, Ciewi by name, was instantly despatched, attended by two hundred tribesmen, to invite the count to take possession of his ancestral throne; and Benyowsky, at the very moment of despair, saw himself hailed king of fifty thousand savage warriors, every man of whom regarded him with an awe and reverence far stronger than the love of life.

He instantly accepted the position. The French had, in his eyes, betrayed and wronged him. He sent in his resignation to the service, took off his uniform, and put on the skins and feathers of a savage king. The ceremony of his installation must have been a truly striking scene. Thirty thousand warriors were drawn up in a circle, tribe by tribe, in the midst of a vast plain, having the women in the outer ring. Before each tribe an ox stood ready for the sacrifice. Seven chiefs conducted Benyowsky from his pavilion to the plain; and as he came before them, the great multitude flung themselves together on their faces. The oxen then were slaughtered, the heads of spears were dipped in blood, and on these the warriors took the oath of loyalty by licking with their tongues the scarlet points. An aged chief placed in the new king's hand an assegai by way of sceptre; and once again the vast assembly fell together on their faces, before the feet of the great white Ampansacabe.

Nor was his royal spouse without her dignity. That same evening, before the beginning of the dances which were to last all night, the women of the tribes swore fealty to Queen Benyowsky, to obey her in all quarrels in which men had no concern.

Such was the last strange change in Benyowsky's fortune. He had been a captive in the lands of everlasting ice; he was now the sovereign of a kingdom where no snowflake ever fell. His power over his black subjects was supreme. It was for him to use it well. A scheme of great and wide beneficence arose before him. He resolved to civilize his nation; to found, in his own right, a trade with Europe; to bring into the island farmers, carpenters, and blacksmiths, who should teach his people how to build and plough. With these objects, he resolved himself to visit Europe. The empire was committed to a council of the chiefs; a brig, the *Belle Arthur*, was obtained and fitted for the voyage; and amidst the tears and cries of the vast dusky throngs who fol-

lowed with their eyes his fading sails, he put once more to sea.

At this point the count's own "Memoirs," which thus far we have been following, break off. The brief remainder of the story must be gleaned from various sources. The broken pieces, set together, come to this:—

The ship reached Europe safely. But the count could find no State prepared to aid him, at the risk of war with France. He then resolved to try America; and at Baltimore he made arrangements with a firm of merchants, who supplied him with a vessel, the *Intrepid*, of four hundred and fifty tons and thirty guns; in which, with a rich cargo, he spread his sails again for Madagascar.

His wife, who was in weakly health, he was compelled to leave at Baltimore. She never saw his face again.

Instantly on his arrival in his kingdom, he declared hostilities against the French. At the head of his black warriors, he first seized their storehouse at Angontci. He then set off, attended only by a hundred men, to storm their factory at Foul Point. But the French had there a ship with sixty troopers, of which he had received no warning. On the morning of the 23rd of May, 1786, they landed, and attacked him.

The count had barely time to throw up a redoubt, defended by two guns, when the enemy were upon him. The affair was over in a moment. He who had escaped alive out of so many perils had now reached his last. As the French rushed forward, firing in a volley, a musket-bullet struck Benyowsky in the breast. He instantly sank back behind the rampart. His black troops, seeing their king fall, fled panic-stricken; and the French soldiers, bursting over the redoubt, seized his dead body by the hair, and dragged it forth into the open ground.

From Murray's Magazine.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS IN THE OLDEN TIME.

In the year 1860 in the epilogue of the Latin play, which since the days of Queen Elizabeth has been performed by the boys of Westminster School, the ghost of the great Dr. Busby, for fifty-seven years head master of Westminster, was brought upon the stage. He complained in excellent Latin verses of a report, which had drawn him from his rest, that the school was to be shifted from the old premises

into the country, and solemnly warned them that he had buried a treasure beneath the buildings. They forthwith proceeded to dig, and presently unearthed a gigantic birch. The venerable shade then explained to them that, so long as they took that with them, the future of the school was assured.

En tibi Busbeius quas sepeliret opes!

Aurea virga tibi est, portas quæ pandit honorum.

I know no story which better illustrates the spirit of the old public schools which form the subject of this paper. New boys have much reason to be thankful that they were not born a hundred years ago. I doubt if there were half-a-dozen dormitories in England where they could have ventured to say their prayers the first night without being tossed in a blanket. For in these old bad dormitories the knees seldom touched the floor, but frequently the ceiling. The general life, indeed, was terribly rough. At Winchester, for instance, all washing was performed in the open air at a place called Moab. It consisted merely of half-a-dozen taps, which stuck out of the wall of the quadrangle, and in frosty weather it was the duty of one of the juniors to thaw with a candle the ice that had gathered upon them. Just fifty years ago a deputation from the boys of Long Chamber at Eton requested the authorities that water might be laid on in college instead of having to be fetched every morning by some of their number from outside. The request was promptly refused, with the scornful comment that "they would no doubt be wanting gas and Turkey carpets next."

Yet life at Westminster was rougher still. The windows in the dormitory, which were frequently broken by the various missiles that flew about, were never mended till the end of the half. When the frost penetrated keenly through these apertures, it was the unpleasant duty of the fags to rise, and fetch water from outside, and make a great slide down the centre of the chamber. Rats abounded everywhere. On one occasion a young nobleman woke up to find one of these interesting creatures hanging to his ear. Archbishop Longley, when a boy there, once missed his surplice while dressing for chapel. After a careful search, he at last espied the corner of it sticking out of a rat-hole, whence he extricated it with no small difficulty in such a condition as you may imagine. Nor were matters much

better elsewhere. Dearer to the great scholar Porson than any memories of Greek and Latin scholarship were the visions of the happy rat hunts he had had as a boy in Long Chamber at Eton. Nothing, however, can show better the beggarliness of the general arrangements in the public schools of that time than a Westminster story of a son of the great Lord Mansfield. The poor boy was ill, and Lady Mansfield came down to the school to see him. She found him in the sick-room, seated upon a wooden chair, which was the only piece of furniture in the room, with the exception of the coal-scuttle. Upon this there was seated a boy, who had come to ask after young Murray, and, when Lady Mansfield entered, this boy rose, and with the most perfect natural politeness and good breeding offered her ladyship the coal-scuttle.

Such were the arrangements at the old schools with regard to lodging. Those with regard to board were little better. At Winchester the collegers consisted of seventy boys, eighteen of whom had the right of fagging the rest. As soon as these godlike eighteen had taken their places, dinner began. There was no proper provision of servants to wait. Presently the air resounded with shouts of "Junior! Junior!" and in a few moments the hungry juniors were sent flying in every direction—to Colson's hatch for salt, to the kitchen for gravy, to school for something forgotten, up to chambers for a pint pot, down to the cellar for beer. In the centre of the hall stood two prefects, armed with ash plants, with which they struck the juniors as they passed—not for any fault committed, but in order to promote a rapid circulation of fags. When at length the multifarious errands had been finished, the juniors generally found that the dinner had been cleared away. It will hardly be believed that at breakfast tea was served out, not in the hall itself, but in the kitchen, which was about two hundred yards away. Fags of to-day, who have a turn for mathematics, observing how many cups their master takes, can easily calculate the number of miles that this arrangement would cost them during the term.

To set against all this there were the joys of illicit cookery. Batter pudding, made in one's neighbor's clean stocking-foot, may well have been a questionable joy. But who can have any doubt about whiskey punch at midnight in the dormitory, made in a washhand-basin, ladled out in a teacup tied to a toasting-fork? Yet here again the fags had the worst of

it, for it was they who had to fetch from a neighboring tavern the spirits which supplied these juvenile revels, and if caught in their illicit errand, they were flogged — no questions asked. In connection with this, one should perhaps mention the subject of drunkenness. This was a regular vice of the old schools. It was by no means unknown at Eton. It was, until comparatively modern times, a serious mischief at Harrow, and even in Dr. Arnold's time it was a recognized vice at Rugby, as may be seen by a reference to the doctor's sermons.

If we turn to the outdoor life we find things very different from now. Cricket and football, which are, so to speak, the sun and moon of schoolboy athletics, were not yet supreme. Among the long list of games in vogue at Eton, in the last century, we find such names as hop scotch, marbles, puss in the corner, and even conquering lobs, whatever conquering lobs may be. At Rugby football was unknown in the seventeenth century. Indeed it has been proved to the satisfaction of all but Rugby boys, that at that period the main playground of the school was the neighboring churchyard, where the ancestors of the present Rugbeians, not knowing that the eye of posterity was upon them, played hide and seek and leap-frog out and in among the tombstones. At Shrewsbury, again, under the famous Dr. Butler, football was absolutely forbidden. It was a game, the doctor said, "fit only for butcher boys." And, indeed, if the football of those days was, as one is told, a more ferocious edition of the game, as played in my own memory in the old hacking days, the doctor was not far wrong. The football of to-day, although sufficiently appalling to foreigners, has been fairly brought within the pale of civilization, and is no longer, as gentle King Jamie styled it, "fitter to maim than to make able the players thereof."

But not only were cricket and football in their infancy, but I can find no trace of any system of compulsory exercise except at Winchester, where there were compulsory walks. In these circumstances the instinct for games found vent in all manner of illegitimate ways. There was fishing on the neighboring squire's waters, as in "Tom Brown." There were night lines, which the unfortunate fags had frequently to take up by forced marches under cover of night. There were raids on the farmyards. Tennyson's well-known poem, which tells how the boys hauled a groaning sow up to the leads, and enjoyed

for weeks after the pleasures of sucking-pig, is no fiction. The thing was actually done at Eton about the end of the last century. Sheridan, again, had an apple-loft at Harrow, which was recruited, not as now from the greengrocers, but from the surrounding orchards. Then there was poaching. Walter Savage Landor was a notable poacher at Rugby, although he was expelled, not for that, but for lampooning the headmaster. At Eton,* indeed, the offence was so well recognized that a headmaster could joke about it to the boys. "One of your comrades is now languishing in prison with the common malefactors for a serious offence against the king himself — poaching in the royal demesnes." Farmer George was not the man to be hard upon a boy of his favorite school for a prank of that nature. At Winchester, again, there was until comparatively recent times badger-hunting — a merciful sport, as there was a careful economy of badgers. The dogs were beaten off when the badger was caught, and the latter returned to his native bag, to run another day. More questionable sports were cock-fighting, dog-fights, cat and dog hunts, all of which were practised at Eton. A more formidable business was bull-baiting and punch at the Christopher. Among other notices of baiting, we observe the curious expression "Shelley baits." Much reverence is due to boys, but little is rendered by them — at least to eccentric genius. We are sorry to say that these "Shelley baits" were neither more nor less than baiting the poet Shelley, who at that early age had ventured to assert the rights of man at Eton.

I was wrong, however, to say that there was no such thing as compulsory exercise. There was a good deal of it, although not in the interest of the governed. School sportsmen of to-day might well take a hint from the practice of fag-driving at Rugby in the last century. These, it will be remembered, were the great driving days, when Mr. Weller and other famous whips governed the roads. The Rugbeians of those days caught the ruling passion, and being unable to bear the expense of horses, found that a pack of ten or twelve fags, joined together in rope harness, lashed to some light curricule made by Mr. Over, the school carpenter, formed an excellent substitute. These novel teams were scientifically "tooled" — such was the phrase — along many of the country roads near Rugby.

* Poaching in the Duke of Buccleuch's park at Ditton was not unknown in 1870.

A more humorous sport was that of "Jack-o'-lantern" at Harrow. Some time after dark the gates were opened, and a runner, who knew the country well, let out with a lantern. After a few minutes' law, the rest of the school started in pursuit. Jack was a mischievous sprite, and his skill consisted in showing his lantern when some quagmire, thicket of brambles, or other vile obstruction lay between himself and his pursuers. Here again the fags had the worst of the sport, as they were fagged through "dense and rare" in pursuit of frolicsome Jack. The destruction of clothes, however, appealed more strongly to the mind of authority, and Jack-o'-lantern went down before the remonstrances of the doctor's matron. But while the sport endured, the hardships of the younger boys did not end with the chase itself. Very often after one of these runs the brush of a fag would be heard busy at five o'clock on a December morning upon his master's clothes.

The general life of fags was hard. At Shrewsbury, which was nothing if not classical, they were called "douls," from the Greek word signifying a slave. At Westminster there was a formula of liberation, "Esto liber, ceteri servi." At Winchester, on the other hand, so early as 1708, the boys were relieved from the "servile and foul office of making their own beds and cleaning out their own chambers." But elsewhere the fags made the beds, brushed the boots, cleaned such knives and forks as there were to clean, and in general performed every menial office. The fagging on half-holidays was endless, the watching out at cricket practice being specially severe. Even a manly boy might fairly regret the granting of an extra half-holiday, when it entailed standing for many hours under a broiling sun a dozen yards behind the wickets, endeavoring to stop under heavy penalties—for nets were unknown—the violent deliveries of some young school Hercules. Nor were matters at all better in winter, when the fags had to act as a kind of live-touch line at football, and when nothing prevented their being utterly benumbed in cold weather but the kicks and cuffs, which were showered upon them when matters went badly.

Occasionally the fagging took a humorous turn. At Rugby on cold winter nights a big boy would single out some chubby-faced urchin, and say to him, "Look here, you young rascal! you just run up-stairs, take your clothes off, and warm my bed for me!" This was an excellent joke;

but when a boy had warmed two or three cold beds with his own natural caloric, he was scarcely in a condition to appreciate it. We can borrow another instance of the same kind from Winchester. When a fresh faggot had been flung upon the fire, and the heat became oppressive to the prefects seated near, some junior would be called up to screen their majesties from the blaze. This living firescreen had to keep revolving, and to pull out his clothes from the more prominent parts of his person to avoid being scorched. But the climax of humorous ingenuity was reached by the monitors at Westminster, who on one occasion chalked out the floor of the dormitory into the divisions of a draught-board, and played draughts with the fags. When, in the process of the game, one of these live pieces had become a king, he had to take another fag upon his shoulders to indicate the change. There was another very curious kind of fagging at Westminster. It was considered a point of honor amongst the boys that any "ski"—in modern slang, "cad"—who ventured to cross Dean's Yard, should be engaged in personal combat by one of their number. If the ski in question was big, the monitor himself would step forward; but if he was little, one of the smaller boys was fagged to fight him.

What, I wonder, has become of the fighting, which was so prominent a feature of the old schools? I asked this question the other day of one of my young friends, and he immediately replied that he knew well the reason in his own case—it was personal fear. I should be sorry, however, to accept this humorous explanation as the true one. I am equally sure that the change is not due to the action of the authorities, for I know a school second to none in manliness, where fighting is permitted under due supervision, and no fight has taken place there this dozen years. We read in the annals of Eton how the Duke of Wellington thrashed Bobus Smith. But the battle was a great one, and Bobus might have conquered the conqueror of Napoleon. The appetite for fighting was, undoubtedly, much stronger then than now. Readers of Scott's life are familiar with the "bickers," in which Scott and his schoolfellows used to fight with sticks and stones against the boys of the lower orders, and the police of the good town of Edinburgh. Very similar were the battles which the Westminster boys waged against the boys of other London schools with clubs and staves. Any sort of antag-

onism was apt to end in blows. A few years before Waterloo they had a sham fight at Rugby, and it is unknown how many noses bled and heads were broken at that sham fight.

But the schools of that day were not only rough, they were cruel. I think it would be difficult to find in all the histories a fact which illustrates this better than the killing of the ram at election tide at Eton. From the end of the seventeenth century it was a custom that a ram should be beaten to death by the boys with clubs. In George II.'s time, on one occasion, the Duke of Cumberland had very appropriately the honor of commencing the butchery. Not long after, an active ram swam across the Thames, and cost the boys a long run before they could despatch it. Such violent exercise under a hot sun was deemed dangerous, and henceforth the rams were hamstringed, and then beaten to death in Weston's yard. This barbarous custom was only abolished in 1747. Nor was their cruelty confined to animals. The great Lord Chatham, himself the bravest Englishman of his time, told Lord Shelburne that "he scarce observed a boy who was not cowed for life at Eton. A public school might suit a boy of a turbulent, forward disposition, but would not do where there was any gentleness." In Mr. Mansfield's most entertaining book on Winchester, there are some colored plates, and in both of those entitled "Breakfast in Hall" and "The School," there is a prefect with uplifted rod, and a junior endeavoring to receive the blow upon the least sensitive parts of his person. What dinner in hall was, I have already related. Tunding, however, was limited, but the figures are significant. The strokes were limited from twelve to fifty. We are accustomed to regard the well-known scene in "Tom Brown," where Tom is half roasted before the hall fire, as an invention on the part of the ingenious author. But it is not so. It actually happened at Rugby early in the present century in Dr. Ingles's time. Nor can one forget that most touching scene in the book, where Tom looked at Arthur, and knew at a glance that he was the sort of boy whose early years at a public school would be a burden to him. No doubt we should reverence these grand old schools, which have been the rough nurses of so many of our greatest men. But I am not sure that pity for the sorrows they have witnessed would not be a more natural sentiment in a child of this better age. There is not a mouldering wall in these

old courts but has heard the "sighing of such as were oppressed, and they had no comforter," not a pillow in these old dormitories but has been wet with the tears of many generations.

But it is not only that bullies and tyrannous prefects were much commoner in old days than now. I fear we must admit that the ordinary boy of the last century had a positive delight in inflicting pain. Nothing shows this so well as the ceremonies of initiation, which were common at all the old public schools. Gaining a remove was not then a subject of such unmixed satisfaction as now. At Harrow, for instance, a boy was not considered a member of the form until he had been "pinched in," that is, had stood in the playground for a fixed period, while his schoolfellows pinched him to their hearts' content. The aspirant had also to be tossed in a blanket, and several bumps against the ceiling were requisite before the process of translation was complete. At Rugby, again, boys were "clodded" upon getting into the fifth. They had to run between two rows of their classmates, who pelted them with clods of clay. The clods were moistened for favorites, but hardened for the unpopular.

All this brutality was the outcome, no doubt, of the old system of government, which relied mainly upon physical force. The schools were not more brutal than the nation itself. These were the days when forty young felons would be strung up of a morning outside Newgate for forgery and sheep-stealing, and society felt no shock. Was human nature actually different then? It is hard to say. But at all events, government rested on a theory of human nature which is not ours. Readers of Carlyle will recall the conversation between Frederick the Great and the Prussian schoolmaster, Sulzer, upon the subject of education. Sulzer was ahead of his day, and had been explaining to the king that the old system of education had relied upon force, believing that human nature was more inclined to evil than to good. Now, however, it was possible to adopt a more generous procedure, since the happy discovery that human nature was more inclined to good than to evil.

"Human nature more inclined to good than to evil?" echoed the king. "Ah, my dear Sulzer, you don't know that cursed race as I do!"

There, it may be said, spoke an irreligious man and a cynic. But the theory of the religious was no better. They held

that but a few would be saved, while the vast majority of mankind would be lost forever. Thus they too, in their theological way, pronounced mankind a cursed race. Men were a race of knaves and fools — that was the theory. And if this was true of full-grown men, how much more was it true of boys in masses. "What are you to do," asked the schoolmasters of the olden time, "with these droves of shaggy Shetland ponies, freshly caught and impounded? Appeal to their reason? But they have none. To their mercy and justice? Who would expect justice or mercy from a set of sturdy young barbarians such as these?" They were regarded as hopelessly outside the scheme of salvation. Here and there, indeed, a headmaster, like Dr. Nicoll at Westminster, prepared his boys carefully for confirmation. But at Eton, in Dr. Keate's time, there was no religious instruction whatever, and in general throughout the public schools of England there was no systematic attempt to Christianize the boys.

The man who changed all that was Arnold. And it is well that we should remember in what his peculiar greatness consists. It was not so much in his teaching, though that was broad and keen; nor yet in his government, though that was strong and just. It was rather in this, that he was the first man who dared to believe in boy nature. It has been easy for others to follow, but it was that strong, faithful soul that led the way; who, looking from his quiet country rectory upon the lusty barbarism of the boys of that generation, recognized in them the image of his Master, and appealed to it fearlessly and not in vain.

But in the last century and earlier we are still in the ages of force. Yet with what a cultivated voice they speak: —

*Consurgit, crescitque puer, velut hydra, sub
ictu*

Florescitque, suis sæpe rigatus aquis.

Like hydra 'neath the stroke his form he rears,
And flourishes, well watered by his tears.

But the old system had its great men, too, and the greatest of them was Dr. Busby. His long reign at Westminster began in 1638, and lasted until 1695 — a period of fifty-seven years — and when at last he resigned at the green old age of ninety-four, his eye was not dim, nor, as most of his pupils could testify, was his natural force abated. In politics he was a grand old Tory. He prayed at Westminster for Charles I. upon the morning

of his execution; and those who know the character of the Puritan rabble of that time, can estimate the courage of the act. After many vicissitudes, the numbers of the school rose shortly after the Restoration to about two hundred and fifty boys, over whom Dr. Busby ruled with the energetic dignity of Rhadamanthus himself. On one occasion, Charles II. came down to see the school, and the doctor, while dearly valuing the honor, apologized to him for keeping his hat on in his presence, on the ground that it would never do to let the boys believe that there was a greater man than himself.

He was a splendid teacher, particularly great at detecting and developing latent ability by the only method then recognized. Our modern pedagogy has gained in sympathy and patience, but it has lost in simple power. There is no such thing now as the hearty floggings of other days. Doubters that we are, we have lost faith even here, and can never quite rid ourselves of the notion that we are committing an assault. No such counsels of timidity weakened the soul and unnerved the arm of the great Dr. Busby. "I see great talents in that sulky boy," he would say, "and my rod shall bring them out of him." And bring them out it did, to the admiration of his contemporaries. There is no better proof of it than this, that he lived to see sixteen of his pupils at one time on the bench of bishops, in days when bishops were chosen less for virtue than for learning.

And here it is right that we should speak of the intellectual life of the old schools. Under a great master it was very keen, and redeemed for the best boys the general harshness and brutality. The scholars of these days had but one entrance into the kingdom of knowledge, but by it they penetrated farther, it may be, than we, who are baffled by complexity. Nor were the methods of violence injurious in this higher region. The great teachers compelled industry first by force, and then worked by love. No better motto was ever blazoned upon a place of learning than that which crusty old Meighen put up above the gates of Shrewsbury School in the sixteenth century, *Φιλομάθης εὖν ἦς, ἐσθ' πολυμαθῆς* — "If thou love learning, thou shalt be well learned," and, we may add, then only, — a truth too often forgotten in these days of mercenary acquisition. It seems certain that boys in those days read much more of the classics than is possible now. They entered into the vein of antiquity in a manner

which has wholly disappeared. We read in the annals of Harrow how "Jones, Parr, and Bennett disputed together in Latin logic," and parcelled out the neighboring country into classic kingdoms, Jones ruling over Arcadia as Euryalus, Bennett over Argos as Nisus, while Parr, with the title of Leander, was lord of Sestos and Abydos. Many quaint old Latin formulas still survive at Westminster. When dinner was over, the captain asked the juniors, "Satisne edistis et bibistis?" to which they "too often with hungry lips" made answer, "Satis edimus et bibimus." The head of the school was called "monitor monitorum," whose name might seem a standing answer to the question, "Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?" If one was tossed in a blanket in the long chamber at Eton, or in the dormitory at Westminster, it was some consolation that he soared to the music of a verse of Martial. "Ibis ab excusso" (here came the preliminary heave), "missus ad astra sago" (and skywards he was sped). When the Westminster boys in their wild rambles had appropriated the door-handles and knockers of the neighboring citizens, they hung them up over the fireplaces in the dormitory with a Latin inscription:—

Æneas hæc de Danaïs victoribus arma.

And when the day's labors were over, instead of the present "Lights out, gentlemen," came the Latin formula, "Extinctis lucernis intrate lectos." How can our modern youths compete in classic learning with these lads of old Westminster, who talked Latin over their beef and mutton, bullied to a Latin measure, defied the police with a Latin dedication, and went nightly to their rest, breathing, as it were, the sweet savor of the ablative absolute?

The other great headmaster of the old system was Dr. Keate. Everybody knows Kinglake's description of him. "He was little more than five feet high, but in this space was concentrated the pluck of ten battalions." "He had a really noble voice, but he had also the power of quacking like an angry duck." "You could not put him out of humor—that is, out of the ill-humor which he thought to be fitting for a headmaster." His dress, too, was something weird and uncommon. It resembled "partly that of the emperor Napoleon, and partly that of a widow woman."

Keate was a great teacher and ruler. He was also a tremendous flogger. That saying of John Bright, that force is no remedy, has been canvassed in many different senses, but I suppose we are all

agreed that force is no remedy for disorders of the soul. Such, however, was not the opinion of Dr. Keate. On one occasion—so the story goes—he addressed the boys upon the sixth beatitude, and the substance of his comment has come down to us. "'Blessed are the pure in heart.' Mind that. It's your duty to be pure in heart. If you're not pure in heart, I'll flog you." Nothing can show better the extent to which flogging was carried than a rule, which the doctor made, that a boy should lose his remove, if flogged thrice in one day. And if any one still doubts the comprehensive sweep of Dr. Keate's birch, I need only say that he was once upon the point of flogging a certain aged and eminent statesman, remarkable for his skill in casuistry, who was then a boy at Eton. Contrary to his usual practice, however, the doctor, instead of proceeding immediately to the matter in hand, gave the culprit an opportunity of explaining himself. It was a great tribute to the powers of persuasion, and a happy augury of the future career of that distinguished man, that he was perhaps the only boy who ever persuaded Keate to forego a flogging, which, I may add, was thoroughly deserved.

In close connection with this system of flogging are the rebellions, which were a regular feature of the old schools. Upon one occasion Keate was pelted with rotten eggs for altering the hour of lock-up. But no, that is not quite accurate. The eggs were thrown, and they were rotten, but such was the divinity that hedged the headmastership of Keate, that the young rebels were careful to miss. How he crushed the last rebellion against his authority by flogging eighty members of the fifth form, who were taken by subtlety from their beds at midnight and brought in detachments to his study, is a story too well known, if it were not too shocking, to be more than glanced at here. Suffice it to say, that by an admirable mixture of stratagem and intrepidity he uniformly triumphed over all opposition.

But it was not only against Keate that the boys rebelled. At an earlier period one hundred and sixty Eton boys defied Dr. Foster, and marched in a body to Maidenhead, throwing their school-books into the river as they went. At Shrewsbury, under Dr. Butler, at a time when Shrewsbury was a synonym for scholarship, there was the great "beef" rebellion—an insurrection as important as its cause. At Winchester, again, in 1795 there was a notable rebellion. The boys

rose against the injustice of the warden, ransacked the shops for provisions, barricaded the college, unpaved the quadrangle to get missiles to defend the Tower, and were only compelled to negotiate almost literally at the point of the bayonet, as three companies of militia were drawn up in College Street. At Rugby, too, there was a dreadful riot, which was only quelled after a stubborn fight by the gallantry of a recruiting sergeant and his men, aided by the farmers and countrymen with their riding-whips; while upon another occasion the walls were placarded with the ominous demand for "blood" — presumably that of the authorities. Nor was it only against the masters that risings took place. Now it is at Winchester that the juniors "rise and pinion the prefects." Or again at Rugby, that the fags, vexed by some act of prefectorial tyranny, resist all the efforts of the masters and prefects to bring them into school, and for several days wage sullen servile war.

These rebellions, however, were very seldom successful. To our simple forefathers rebellion was as the sin of witchcraft. The parents almost uniformly supported the authorities, and, if the boys ran home, sent them back to the doctor to be flogged. The history of these old schools is upon the whole one long Coercion Act unaccompanied by the redress of grievances. It is hardly too much to say that the normal condition was one of anarchy — anarchy rampant under a bad headmaster, anarchy flogged and recalcitrant under a good.

Yet in the main it must be admitted that the schools of these days did their duty by the nation. At the cost of much injustice and many tears, of characters brutalized, and characters crushed, they turned out a race of men who had the animal virtues in splendid perfection — the race that won for us India and America and the empire of the seas, the race that could "go anywhere and do anything." "Hard pounding this, gentlemen," cried the duke at Waterloo, as he rode past a decimated square; "but we'll show them who can pound the longest." There were twenty-five Rugbeians, to mention one only of the public schools, at that great fight, and I cannot but think that they took their pounding the better for that which they had undoubtedly had at Rugby. This pounding has now almost vanished from among us, nor can we regret it. But the question naturally rises, Are modern boys without it as hardy as their progenitors? Foreign newspapers are al-

ways telling us that we are a degenerate race, that the British lion has lost his teeth, and that anybody can vex him with impunity. If any foreigner really believes it, let him bid his son tell an English boy so to his face, and the result will probably disabuse him. No, the old heady courage is undoubtedly as great, the old dogged courage, we trust, as great as ever; but — are we as hardy? I once had the pleasure of hearing Stanley relate some of his African experiences. "It is of no use," he said, "to take the ordinary young man upon a rough expedition, for young men are brought up so soft nowadays, that they simply die off." It struck me at the time that this was a very serious statement. The influences that make for degeneracy are very powerful. Every year the nation gathers more and more into towns, and is further and further removed from the free country air. In our case nothing but moral force can long sustain the physical. They should look to it who are leaders of our great schools; we should look to it, every one of us, whether leaders or not, that no unmanly fear of rough weather, no habits of sedentary indolence shall corrupt in the young generation the vigor of our ancient British manhood.

R. J. MACKENZIE.

From Nature.

VEGETABLE RENNET.

THE idea that the protoplasm or living substance of both animals and plants is essentially similar, if not quite identical, has long been accepted by both physiologists and botanists. This similarity is most easily seen in the very lowest members of both kingdoms; in fact, for a very long time doubt existed in the case of many organisms — *e.g.*, *volvox* — as to which kingdom they should properly be included in. Even now it is hardly possible to formulate a definition of "plant" or "animal" which shall put all into their proper positions. When we go higher up the scale in both the animal and the vegetable world, this difficulty of course disappears, on account of the differences of organization and development. It is not difficult even here to trace a remarkable similarity of properties in the living substance, which leads to the conception that not only is protoplasm practically the same in animal and vegetable, but that its activities in the two cases — that is, the metabolic processes which accompany,

and are in a way the expression of, its life — are fundamentally the same. In both kingdoms we have as the sign of its life the continual building up of the living substance at the expense of the materials brought to it as food, and the constant breaking down of its substance with the consequent appearance of different organic bodies, which are strictly comparable in the two cases. The vegetable protoplasm produces starch, the animal glycogen — both carbohydrate bodies of similar composition and behavior. In both organisms we meet with sugars of precisely similar character. The proteid bodies long known to exist in animals, and classed into albumins, globulins, albumoses, peptones, etc., have been found to be represented in vegetables by members of the same groups, differing but in minor points from themselves. We have fats of complex nature in the animal represented by oils of equal complexity in the vegetable, their fundamental composition being identical; even the curious body lecithin, so long known as a constituent of nervous tissue in the animal, having been procured from the simple yeast plant.

Further, the changes which give rise to these bodies, or which bring about various transformations of them, have been in very many cases demonstrated to be due to similar agencies at work in both the animal and vegetable organism. In many cases, no doubt, they are produced by the actual splitting up of the protoplasm itself; but apart from this we have their formation in large quantities by the agency of bodies which are known as unorganized ferments, and which are secreted by the protoplasm for the purpose of such formation. Perhaps no line of research in vegetable physiology in recent years has been so productive of good results as the investigations that have been made into the occurrence of such bodies, and the comparison of them with those that are met with in the animal organism. Diastase in vegetables, and the ferments of saliva and of pancreatic juice in animals, possess the same power of converting starch into sugar. The peptic and tryptic ferments of the stomach and pancreas respectively have been shown to have representatives in the vegetable kingdom, and these not only in such cases as the carnivorous plants, but to be actually made use of in such truly vegetable metabolism as the processes involved in the germination of the seed. The conversion of albumins and other indiffusible proteids into a further stage than that of diffusible

peptide — that of leucin in the animal, and asparagin in the vegetable — has been shown to be the work of such a ferment in the two cases. These ferments, too, are interchangeable to a certain extent, for those of the alimentary canal are capable of digesting the proteids of vegetable bodies, while those of the latter can similarly split up the animal albumins, fibrin, and other forms of proteid.

The essential similarity of the metabolism is also indicated by the appearance in the two cases of complex bodies of somewhat similar constitution which are quite comparable with each other. In the vegetable kingdom these bodies are known as alkaloids; in the animal they have for the past ten years or more been known as ptomaines. They are among the products of the destructive decomposition of proteids. Thus *cadaverin*, a body found in putrefying animal matter, is apparently to be looked upon as belonging to the same group of bodies as *muscarin*, the poisonous principle found in several species of mushroom.

Perhaps the latest development of the same idea has been the discovery of ferments in the vegetable kingdom which are comparable in their action with the rennet which is obtainable from the stomach of many young animals, particularly the calf. In an extract of such a stomach taken while secretion of gastric juice is proceeding, or in the gastric juice itself, is a principle which has the power of curdling milk — a property taken advantage of by the farmer in the process of manufacturing cheese. The *casine*, which is the proteid concerned in cheese-making, is, under appropriate conditions, converted by this body into an insoluble form, which, for want of a better name, may be called briefly cheese. The conversion is not to be confused with the loose curdling which takes place when milk becomes sour from putrefactive changes or from the addition of an acid, for it is a true coagulation, resembling the clotting of blood. Now, recent investigations show us that in many plants a similar ferment exists, which possesses an identical power, producing, when added to milk, a clot which is quite indistinguishable from that which is formed under the action of animal rennet. The list of such plants is continually increasing, but they do not appear to be grouped at all on the lines of the recognized natural orders. Ranunculaceæ, Solanaceæ, Cucurbitaceæ, Compositæ, Galiaceæ, and others, furnish us with conspicuous examples.

At a meeting of the Society of Natural Science of Stockholm, held about four years ago, the secretary brought before the notice of the meeting the fact that the common butterwort (*Pinguicula vulgaris*) possessed the very curious property of causing the clotting of milk when the vessels in which the milk was contained had been first rubbed over with the plant. No explanation was offered of the phenomenon, but a suggestion was made that the power might be due to the presence of micro-organisms. Judging from analogy with other plants since discovered to possess the same property, it is far more likely to be due to a specific unorganized ferment. The occurrence of this in *Pinguicula* is very significant, as bearing on the similarity of the metabolism in animals and vegetables, for *Pinguicula* is one of the carnivorous plants, digesting, by the aid of its secretions, flies which it captures in its leaves. We have thus associated in the same plant a proteolytic and a rennet ferment, a condition which at once recalls the gastric juice of animals, in which both these bodies are present.

One of the most interesting of the plants which contain this ferment, or vegetable rennet, is the so called "naras" of the west coast of Africa (*Acanthosicyos horrida*), a species of Cucurbitaceæ. The plant was described in detail by Welwitsch, in 1869, when its peculiar physiological property was unknown. A more detailed description, given by Marloth, has recently appeared, which deals, among other points, with this power. The plant is to be met with in dry, sandy, and desert places in Namaqua Land, Whale Bay, and the Mozambique district. It is very singular in its habit and appearance, consisting of long, spiny, weak-looking branches running almost on the surface of the sand, and being at intervals buried therein and again emerging. The stem is very short, so that the plant looks like a system of creeping, spiny branches, some of which measure twenty feet or more in length. The root system is similarly developed, long, creeping roots penetrating, in some cases, for a distance of one hundred feet through the sand. The long, spiny branches seem destitute of leaves, for these are quickly deciduous and sometimes abortive, and while they remain upon the shoots they are closely adpressed to them, and are stiff and horny in texture. At the base of each leaf are two strong spines, which persist after the leaf has fallen. The flowers are borne in the axils of the leaves, between the spines.

The male and female flowers are found on separate plants; the former are sessile, the latter shortly stalked. The ripe fruit is of considerable size, much like an orange in appearance. It has a very powerful and pleasant aroma, and its pulp is very juicy and agreeable to the taste. In the unripe condition it is bitter and uneatable. According to Marloth, the natives eat it to a very great excess, both fresh and in the form of "naras cake," a preparation of it made by drying the expressed pulp and juice in the sun. The power to appreciate its excellence seems to be confined to the natives of the part, for strangers partaking of it for the first time are said to pass through strange and painful experiences after their banquet.

Its power of causing the clotting of milk is well known among the natives of the part, who use it freely for that purpose. The ferment is contained in considerable quantity in the juice, the pulp, and the rind of the fruit. It is absent from the branches, from the seeds, and from all parts of the unripe fruit. It is soluble, according to Marloth, in alcohol of sixty per cent. strength, an extract of the pulp made with that fluid retaining the power to coagulate the milk. It is not identical with the principle which gives the fragrance to the ripe fruit, nor to that which gives the bitter taste to it when still young. The ferment is destroyed by boiling, but will remain for an almost indefinite time in the dried rind. Marloth, in his experiments, found that an extract of pulp dried to a friable condition in the sun was quite active in causing coagulation. The writer had the opportunity recently of examining some dried rind and some old seeds.* An extract of these materials, made with five per cent. solution of common salt, showed the ferment in abundance in the rind, but absent from both the testa and the interior of the seeds.

Another plant, occurring nearer home, has the same property. This is the common yellow galium (*G. verum*). In his "Popular Names of British Plants," Prior speaks of its peculiarity as being known in the sixteenth century, when Matthioli wrote of it, "Galium inde nomen sortitum est suum quod lac coagulet." In the west of England, particularly Somersetshire and Herefordshire, it is still the custom of dairymen to put this plant into the milk they have devoted to cheese production,

* This material was kindly furnished by Mr. W. Thiselton Dyer, F.R.S., director of the Royal Gardens, Kew.

to "set" it. The plant has a long, straggling stem, bearing at short intervals whorls of small leaves, in the axils of which are numerous panicles of yellow flowers. The practice is to put the whole plant, or as much of it as is above ground, into the milk, but the active principle seems to be located in the flowers. The white galium (*G. aparine*) is said to be devoid of the property.

The common traveller's joy (*Clematis vitalba*) is another instance of the occurrence of this ferment. It is peculiar in one respect, the property appearing to be situated in the tissue of the stem, probably the soft bast. In most other cases it seems to be attached somehow to the reproductive parts of the plant. The quantity that can be extracted from clematis is, however, much less than from the other plants spoken of.

The ferment has also been found in the petals of the artichoke (*Cynara scolymus*).

An account of the occurrence of this vegetable rennet would not be complete without its including the researches of Dr. Sheridan Lea on *Withania coagulans* (Proceedings of the Royal Society, 1883). These have, besides their scientific value, a direct bearing upon the commercial aspect of the question. Many of the natives of India refuse to have anything to do with cheese prepared by means of animal rennet, and there is consequently there a large field for the employment of the plant. Some years ago Surgeon-Major Aitchison sent home an account of the peculiar property of the withania. The shrub grows freely in Afghanistan and northern India, and the natives there have for a long time employed an aqueous extract of the capsules to curdle their milk. Some dried material sent from thence to Kew was used by Dr. Lea in his investigations. *Withania* is a genus of the order Solanaceæ, and has a capsular fruit, containing a large number of small seeds. In the dried material these seeds were enveloped in a coating of a peculiar resinous matter, which was probably the dried juice of the capsules in which they had ripened. The ferment was found to exist to a very slight amount in the stalks of the fruits, and to be extremely abundant in the seeds. From the ground seeds it could be extracted easily by maceration with solution of common salt and by treatment with glycerine. So extracted, it was found to be destroyed on boiling, but to be able to withstand moderately prolonged exposure to alcohol. Its activity in a fairly strong extract was

quite equal to that of most commercial samples of rennet prepared from the stomach. It could, moreover, be kept with as great security as the latter by the aid of common salt and a little alcohol. Its commercial value is somewhat interfered with by the presence in the seeds, and in their extracts, of a peculiar yellowish-brown coloring-matter, which cannot be separated without destroying the rennet.

Since the publication of Dr. Lea's researches the writer has met with the ferment in the unripe seeds of *Datura stramonium*, a plant belonging to the same order, Solanaceæ. In this plant, though present in the unripe seeds, it appears to be absent from them when ripe. Its exact distribution is, however, not yet determined.

The occurrence of this property in so many plants, and these not at all closely connected in other ways, leads to the consideration of what must be its physiological significance. It is perhaps not difficult to see why rennet should occur in the stomachs of young animals whose food consists chiefly of milk, but its importance in the vegetable kingdom must be independent of such a function. Further researches, still in progress, may perhaps throw some light upon this point. It is significant so far to notice that its occurrence is mainly in those parts which are especially connected with the reproduction of the plant, a fact which seems to point to a possible function in connection with the storage of proteid food materials for the nutrition of the embryo during germination.

J. R. GREEN.

From The Argosy.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF SKETCHING.

BY PHILIP H. CALDERON, R.A.

SKETCHING? Oh, dear, yes! there is nothing I like better. To tell you the truth, I doubt whether an artist is ever really thoroughly happy except when sketching out of doors from nature.

In the studio the practice of our art is full of troubles and anxieties. One moment of supreme happiness we have, no doubt; and that is when we first think of a new picture — when we *create* it, and out of nothing, make something — but that moment is a short one, and is followed by weeks and months of hard, steady, and difficult work.

Pictures (I mean *real* pictures, and not mere stupid transcripts of facts) have to

be composed, balanced, studied. The artist's models you dear people speak about can only be used as helps towards the realization of the imaginary creatures we desire to depict. True expression in the actions, pathos in the faces, smiles and tears, have to be evolved from the painter's brain. The production of even a bad picture is therefore of necessity a very serious and anxious thing.

But sketching out of doors implies none of these worries. Up in the morning early, after a sound breakfast the artist starts for his day's work. In one hand he carries his sketching-block or mounting-board, whilst the other flourishes his folded camp-stool. In such light marching order (for heaviness of baggage spoils the whole fun) he plunges across the fields in search of a good *motif* for the day. The coolness of the night has brought out the thousand perfumes of the countryside; the dew is still heavy in the shadow of the tall hedges; birds are twittering all around; and the laborer, not recognizing the implements of our trade, mistakes the sketcher for a gentleman and gives him a cheery "good morning."

For complete happiness, give me a small open space on the skirts of a deep wood, where pigeons coo the livelong day. The sense of peace is simply entrancing. Nothing stirs at first; but by-and-by, encouraged by the stillness, the tiny field-mouse emerges from his hiding-place and trots about unconcerned at one's very feet, and the squirrel squats within a yard's length of one's nose, and daintily sets to work on a new-found nut. A slight movement of the hand, an involuntary jerk of the foot, and P-r-r-r-r-r-r-r! they are gone! the field-mouse to some hole, the squirrel ten yards up a beech-tree. Not for long, however. Curiosity vanquishes fear (capital subject for a painter of the allegorical school), and after sundry hesitations, sly peepings, and short retreats, they return to keep the sketcher company.

And so, working leisurely and watching the inner woodland life, the autumn day slips joyfully away. Should the sketch turn out, on inspection, to be a complete failure, it is soon torn into fragments and thrown under the grate. No bad sketch ever interfered with the night's sleep. The fiasco of to-day makes one all the more eager for the success of to-morrow.

But you will say, "Are there no drawbacks to that happy sketching-time? No shadows to that idyllic picture?" Well, you see — y — y — yes! there are *some* shadows, no doubt. In chalk counties the

harvest bug is most decidedly a shadow; a shadow that will crawl up one's legs at any hour of the day, and *not* always stop at the knee. In heathy counties, the midge is certainly a shadow; a shadow that creeps around the most delicate curves of the ear, and loves tender eyelids above all things. Again, in *all* counties the tramp is a shadow; a dirty, skulking, and highly flavored shadow. Time is of no object to him; he would as lief stand or sit behind you for two hours as one. As a rule he does not speak — merely stands there. His presence so irritates the nerves, and the faint, sickly smell of his clothes so taints the air, that smoking soon becomes a necessity. He at once sees an opening, and begs a pipeful of tobacco. Glad to get rid of him at any price, one gives him a supply, and he starts on his idle tramp again.

These are *material* annoyances; they come, they go. The tramp goes first, the midge second, the harvest bug last of all; and they are all soon forgotten.

One annoyance of another kind always remains, however, and rankles in the sketcher's breast. Men of culture and taste often seek our society and our friendship; gallant soldiers have been known to speak to us; ladies of quite respectable connection (I have heard) have occasionally adored some fortunate members of our craft; but the horrible truth cannot be concealed that the artist is *not* looked up to by the agricultural population. He does *not* stand high in their esteem. Nay; I have sometimes thought that he stands very, *very* low.

In the rustic's eye, a travelling horse-dealer has a recognized and honorable profession; a cat's-meat man follows a tangible trade; a master chimneysweep is a householder, who may some day rise to be a churchwarden. But a creature who fritters away his time sketching dilapidated barns and tumble-down cottages is a *déclassé*; a loafer; a poor, feckless fool. And, mind you, courteous behavior and quiet, friendly speech in no way improve our position with the natives. Our talk is not their talk; our jokes are not their jokes; our indoor voices are too low and gentle for rustic encounters.

The late E. M. Ward (the painter of the "Last Sleep of Argyle") used to relate with great glee, and with his extraordinary powers of mimicry, one of his sketching experiences.

E. M. Ward was a tall strong man of large limbs, and (in appearance at least) of great muscular power. Whilst he was

sketching one day, a typical British farmer came and stood behind him; silent of speech, but now and then giving vent to a loud snort. Ward, growing nervous under this treatment, looked up into the farmer's face, and in his politest manner said, "I hope I am not trespassing?"

"Trespassing?" said the farmer. "Trespassing? I don't know about *trespassing*! but why don't you go and *work*, you beggar? You're strong enough — you're big enough — why don't you go and *work*?" And with another indignant snort he strode away, leaving Ward speechless.

Scenes of a similar character take place on most sketching expeditions. Once, and once only, did the victory rest with me in one of these encounters.

I was working (in oil) inside the church of dear old Winchelsea. I sat in the aisle, near the alabaster tomb, and my subject was the Sedilia in the corner. Suddenly the big key grated in the lock, the heavy door swung round, and a number of people came in. Not a fashionable party from Hastings this time; I could tell this much by their walk. No dainty pit-a-pat of small shoes, but the heavy tramping and squeaking of country-made boots. No gay chatter of indiscriminate gush over worm-eaten pews, but complete silence for a while.

After a few minutes, however, one of the visitors began to ask short questions in a hard, sharp voice, that resembled a bark. I looked over my shoulder at the speaker, and took stock of him. He was a small, brisk man, with a fresh face, a turned-up nose, and bold eyes — evidently an impudent man. I classed him at once as an auctioneer and surveyor in a small country town; a man accustomed to speak in public, and probably given to "shutting up" slow bidders. He was clearly the *esprit fort* of the party; their mouthpiece; his friends looked up to him, and expected much of him.

In due course they all came to my side of the church, and gathered thick and close around me, the surveyor keeping his spirits up by slapping his right leg hard with his walking-stick. I was becoming impatient. Suddenly he tapped my canvas smartly and contemptuously with his stick, and said, in his loudest and most bark-like voice, —

"D'y'e doo thaat by measure or by heye, young man?"

I looked up into his face pleasantly, and with marvellous presence of mind and exquisite wit, replied: —

"By heye!"

To my intense surprise, the man was utterly floored. I cannot make out why to this day. Perhaps he had not expected such readiness and brilliancy of repartee on the part of a mere artist. Perhaps I had unwittingly hit upon the kind of answer that was considered telling in his social circle. Anyhow, he simply walked away, humbled and crestfallen, his friends following silently, evidently thinking much less of him. But that happened long, long ago. I was young then, and in full possession of my faculties. I could not rise to such a high level now.

That contempt for the sketcher is not exclusively an English feeling, but exists in other countries among the lower classes, the following sad story will show.

The worst fall I ever experienced was in artistic France, in comparatively recent and historic times. Do you remember a picture of mine called "Les Coquettes — Arles"? Three Arles girls walking arm-in-arm, giggling and pretending not to be aware of the presence of a handsome young Béarnais — who, for his part, struts and "peacocks" behind them quite unconscious of the excitement he is creating?

I knew exactly where my background was, and went to Arles to make a study of it. From the centre of the quaint old town, a narrow street runs up-hill. Near the top, and turning sharp to the right is a narrow causeway that leads to the cloisters of St. Trophyme, and through the cloisters to the church.

The causeway has a high wall on one side, and a low parapet on the other; and many feet below the parapet are the remains of the Roman theatre. The semi-circular rows of stone seats are still there; broken, indeed, and decayed, but clearly traceable. Ruins of broken shafts lie about, half buried in the long, burnt-up grass; two columns alone are standing, rearing their heads into the clear blue sky.

This is the background I wanted. I began work the very next morning, my back to the high wall, and the low parapet opposite to me. It was a perfect day. The air was so still that the long brown grass never stirred. Silence reigned supreme. No impertinent sparrows frisked or chattered about. The French cannot afford to keep them; they eat them instead, roasted — ten of them strung on a wooden skewer, with little bits of fat bacon in between.

The lizards and I had the place all to ourselves; I working away for dear life,

the lizards flashing across and over the parapet, apparently taking suicidal headers into the theatre below.

Gradually I became aware of a low musical sound far, far away. It was so faint that it was impossible to "put a name to it." It was a "sound," and no more. It ceased; then came again, stronger and clearer; evidently church music.

I was thinking of getting up and strolling into the church, when I saw the head of a procession on my left emerging from the steep street, and moving down my narrow causeway. On the procession came, nearer and nearer. Acolytes, with long silver crosses held up aloft; priests and choristers singing a solemn dirge; old-fashioned church instruments, called "serpents," sending forth deep, lugubrious notes; officials, civil and military, surrounding the coffin, and holding the tassels of the rich velvet pall; the mayor of the town in his tricolor scarf; the colonel of the garrison in full uniform, his broad chest glittering with medals and stars; the long line of mourners, — all filed before me, with slow and solemn steps, as I stood there with head bent and bare in respect for the dead.

It all seemed like a dream, and moved me strangely. I felt that quiver of the nostril, that blanching of the skin, which come in moments of deep emotion. And I never stirred a muscle until the last mourner had passed, and the music had again faded away in the distance.

I was preparing to resume my work, when a hideous figure came slouching up the causeway. The creature had "felon" written all over him. It was written in his shapeless, gaping shoes, in his baggy blue calico trousers, in his filthy blouse, hanging in shreds over his hairy wrists; most of all, in his low-typed face, with sloppy mouth, big jaws, and small, hungry eyes.

He stopped in front of me, and in vile French and husky voice said, "What d'ye think of that?"

Unwilling to discuss the matter with him, I stupidly asked, "Who was it?"

His little, ugly eyes glittered, he craned his dirty neck towards me, and in an angry voice replied, —

"Who was it? One of those money-grubbers, it was! One of those blood-suckers, it was! You don't suppose it was one of us, do you? When blackguards" (*canaille* was his word) "like you and me burst up, they chuck us into a hole. They don't make such a fuss about it as all that!"

And with a malignant scowl he lounged away in the wake of the procession.

Was it this sudden claim of kinship with the vile creature; this assumption on his part of perfect equality; was it only because I had never been called "*canaille*" before, and it takes some time to get accustomed to it? Whatever the cause, a shadow seemed to fall around me; the scene lost all its charm; the sky lost all its blue. That day I sketched no more.

From St. James's Gazette.

FROM A FALKLAND ISLANDER.

I HAVE been in England only a few weeks, having arrived from the Falkland Isles in May. Of course I have been seeing the sights of London; and very wonderful they are to me. All that I know of London, except what I have read or what I have seen since my arrival, is comprised in the hazy and confused recollections of my boyhood; and the only feature of London which I can claim clearly to recognize is Trafalgar Square, which I remember chiefly by the column. I was a boy of seven when I last saw it — to-day I am a man of forty; and the whole of the intervening years have been passed on a Falkland sheep-run. There is nothing very remarkable in that. Other Englishmen have returned after a much longer absence; and so, not deeming myself a person of any importance, I set about the employment of my six months' holiday in the orthodox fashion. But after a while I found myself an object of interest. A man of forty who had but just seen a railway train, who knew nothing whatever of wheeled vehicles save of the roughest description, who had never travelled on a decent road, who regarded pork as the greatest luxury, and who had never even seen a tree until the other day, was generally felt to be a very rare sort of civilized being indeed.

Thirty-three years ago there was a great rush to the colonies. My father was attracted by the Falkland Isles. Glowing accounts were given of their fertility and salubrity, and rich specimens of Falkland-grown wheat were shown about. So to the Falklands my father went, taking with him, among other belongings, myself. There he died, and there I have ever since lived. I make no complaint, but the Falklands were not what my father expected to find them. They contain scarcely an acre of arable land. What is

not sheer rock is covered with herbage so scanty that three acres are only sufficient to maintain one sheep. There is not a trace of any kind of mineral. The climate is cold and boisterous, but not unhealthy. The sea around the islands is chilled by the currents sweeping round Cape Horn from the Antarctic, and is so icy that any one falling into it has but a poor chance of escape. We frequently see large icebergs floating past the islands. Our best month is November, and the summer is very short. But if nature has not endowed the Falklands very richly, it is still possible to support existence there. The staple occupation is sheep-farming; the staple food is mutton; the staple exports are wool and tallow. Upon this we thrive fairly well, in our own limited way.

Nothing grows in the Falklands higher than a table; this explains why trees are a novelty to me. Practically all our supplies, with the exception of mutton and wild geese, are imported. The land is mostly too poor for cows, so that we have to put up with condensed milk. Milk from the cow is 1s. a quart. Butter, imported in hermetically sealed tins from Denmark, is 2s. 6d. a pound. All our fabrics, utensils, implements, tools, etc., come from England. The beef we get is poor, except at two brief seasons of the year, and it is always so dear as to be beyond the reach of most of us. Fresh pork, as I have already hinted, is a rarity; even cured pork is too costly for ordinary consumption. The wild geese, however, are so plentiful as to be a nuisance at times; for example, when they foregather in countless numbers at the sheep-pens during the lambing or the shearing season and eat up the fresh young grass. They are very good eating, but after several weeks of exclusive diet upon them they are apt to pall. Fish is by no means abundant, and it is of indifferent quality. Our clothes are of a hard-wear, unfashionable kind, and, considering their powers of endurance, do not cost us much. Thus, within the limitations I have described, one can live cheaply in the Falklands. A shepherd's wages will average £4, or even £5 a month, with all food found; and, as his expenditure need not exceed 12s. a month, he is really in a position to grow rich at the rate of £40 a year. I have shepherds on my farms who are worth hundreds of pounds. All travelling is done on horseback. Our horses are sturdy, cobby little things, short in the leg and big in the barrel, and are able to cover enormous distances in a single journey,

over roads which are mere tracks, often precipitous and frequently boggy. We have neither coal nor wood; our fuel is mainly peat. Those who prefer coal can indulge their taste at the price of £3 per ton. The only bank we have is a savings-bank; commercial banking is carried on by two of the principal merchants. We have a monthly mail service *via* Monte Video, carried on by German boats; but practically this means only a two-monthly service as between Falkland and England.

The Falkland Islands (with South Georgia) form a crown colony. Our present governor (Kerr) is not exactly popular, but he has a difficult position. The total government consists of about ten persons. We never have any elections; but if we feel aggrieved we have the right of petitioning the secretary of state, who generally does us substantial justice. We have no public debt—indeed, I believe that at this moment the treasury-chest holds some thousands of pounds to the good. The taxes are practically nil, the duty on imported liquors supplying more than sufficient revenue; our exports more than double our imports in value. The Falkland Islanders, numbering about fifteen hundred, are adding to their wealth, as the surplus of production over consumption, no less than £40,000 every year. This would be largely increased if we could do something better with the carcasses of our surplus sheep than boil them down for tallow. Some years ago the experiment of sending frozen mutton to England was made. It was wrecked by extravagance and mismanagement. We are thinking of beginning again, on a somewhat less ambitious scale. The time taken on the voyage being no great object, we propose to employ a large sailing vessel which will carry about thirty thousand carcasses.

All that newspapers can tell of the great world from which I have been so long cut off I know. But London, England, Europe, are all so strange and wonderful to me that even my own feelings are incomprehensible. I try to take things as much as a matter of course as possible, yet I say to myself that there is something very mysterious and solemn in the vast overcrowded solitude you call London. Candidly, I prefer the bogs and mountains of the Falklands. I can find my way across them easier than about London. Among the things that both charm and pain me here are the flowers, of which I cannot even recollect the

names. Fancy being shown a pansy and then to be obliged to ask what it is called ! This will tell you how much I had forgotten the England of my boyhood ; the England I find here now is a revelation beyond anything I ever dreamed of.

B. B.

From Nature.

THE POISONOUS SNAKES OF THE BOMBAY PRESIDENCY.

At a recent meeting of the Bombay Natural History Society, a paper was read by the honorary secretary, Mr. H. M. Phipson, on the "Poisonous Snakes of the Bombay Presidency." He produced for inspection specimens of the following poisonous snakes, all of them having been killed in the presidency of Bombay.

Colubrine. — (1) *Ophiophagus elaps*; (2) *Naga tripudians*; (3) *Bungarus arcuatus*; (4) *Callophis trimaculatus*; (5) *Callophis nigrescens*.

Viperine. — (6) *Daboia elegans*; (7) *Echis carinata*; (8) *Trimeresurus amabilis*; (9) *Hypnale nepa*.

With regard to the first species, the *Ophiophagus elaps*, it is perhaps the largest poisonous snake in the world, sometimes measuring over fifteen feet. It is also called the king cobra, or hamadryad, and is not very common, though widely diffused, being found in the Andamans, the Philippines, Borneo, Java, and Sumatra. On account of expanding a hood, it is frequently mistaken for the cobra, but the head-shields of the hamadryad differ very much from those of the cobra. The second species, *Naga tripudians*, or cobra, is found all over India, and up to the height of eight thousand feet in the Himalayas. There are many varieties, differing in color and marking, to which the natives give different names, thinking them distinct species; but in such matters the native knowledge is not very extensive. Thus they believe that all the hooded cobras are females, and that the males are harmless. What they call the male is in reality only the common Indian rat snake (*Ptyas mucosus*). They also state that the rat snake is proof against the poison of the cobra. But this is not the case. Last year the young ones hatched in the society's rooms attacked a small Malay python put into their cage, when they were only a few days old, and bit at it viciously, and the python died in a few hours after its removal to another cage. Once a year, during the rainy sea-

son, the cobra lays from twelve to twenty eggs. In one specimen shown by Mr. Phipson, the young one is seen just as it is emerging from the egg. The tooth with which it cuts its way out is shed as soon as it has served its purpose. When born, the young cobras measured about seven and one half inches long, and were very fat; at the end of a few months they were about nine inches in length, but had lost all their plumpness. It is very remarkable that the original nutriment got out of the egg should be able to sustain them so long. On account of its timidity and the great ease with which it can be tamed, it is the only snake with which the snake-charmers will have anything to do. By attracting its attention with one hand, it may be easily seized round the body with the other; and so long as the hand or any other object is kept moving before its eyes, it will never turn to bite the hand that holds it. This is the simple fact the knowledge of which the charmers turn to such advantage in their well-known performances. The snake is taken from its basket, and a slight stroke across the back brings it at once into a defensive attitude. The constant motion of the musical instrument before the snake keeps it watchful and erect, and not the music produced. As a matter of fact, snakes have no external ears, and it is extremely doubtful whether the cobra hears the music at all. The charmers say that the adder of the East, the *Daboia*, has no ear for music, because they cannot operate on it as they do on the cobra. It is rather interesting to note that this has been the belief since David's time at least — "like the deaf adder that stoppeth her ear; which will not hearken to the voice of charmers." (3) The krait (*Bungarus arcuatus*) is an exceedingly poisonous snake, and is quite common in nearly every part of India. One specimen taken in the Bombay presidency contained a "brown tree-snake" (*Dipsas gokool*) and in another specimen was found a *Ptyas mucosus*, thus showing that this species eats snakes. The common *Lycodon aulicus*, one of the non-poisonous snakes, is very much like the krait, but they can be distinguished by the presence in the krait of large hexagonal scales down the centre of the back. (4) The *Callophis trimaculatus* has no popular name. It is undoubtedly poisonous, and lives on other snakes, very likely the Calamariæ. (5) *Callophis nigrescens*, which grows to about four feet in length, is black in the upper parts and red in the lower.

(6) The first class of the viperine snakes is the *Daboia elegans*, called by Europeans in India the chain viper and in Ceylon the tic polonga. The fangs are very long, and for this reason, together with its fierceness, it is the most dreaded snake in India. Its poison acts differently from that of the cobra. Its tenacity of life is really wonderful, it having been known to live for a whole year without food. The length of this snake rarely exceeds five feet. (7) The *Echis carinata* and the last-named class are the only true vipers in India. The harmless brown tree-snake (*Dipsas gokool*) is frequently confused with the *Echis carinata*, but they are easily distinguished by the scales on the head of the latter, while the *Dipsas gokool* has plates or shields. (8) The green tree-viper (*Trimeresurus amallensis*) is one of the family of Crotalidae or pit vipers, so named from the pit or cavity beneath the eye and the nostril, of which family the terrible rattlesnake of America is a member. In India there are eight species of *Trimeresuri*, but up to the present only one has been found in Bombay, though it has been stated that another species, *T. strigatus*, has been seen far up the country. (9) The headquarters of the *Hypnale nepa*, or carwala, are in Ceylon, but it is commonly found along the Malabar coast.

These classes include all the poisonous land-snakes. All the true sea-snakes are poisonous, and of these, amongst others, the following are in the Bombay collection: *Hydrophis diadema*, *Hydrophis robusta*, *Hydrophis curta*, *Hydrophis aurifasciatus*, *Hydrophis Phipsoni*, *Hydrophis Guntheri*, *Hydrophis Lindsayi*, *Hydrophis chloris*, *Eurhydrina bengalensis*, *Pelamis bicolor*.

From The National Review.

IN THE MONTH WHEN SINGS THE CUCKOO.

I.

HARK! Spring is coming. Her herald sings,
Cuckoo!
The air resounds and the woodland rings,
Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
Leave the milking-pail and the mantling
cream,
And down by the meadow, and up by the
stream,
Where movement is music and life a dream,
In the month when sings the cuckoo.

II.

Away with old Winter's frowns and fears,
Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
Now May with a smile dries April's tears,
Cuckoo!
When the bees are humming in bloom and
bud,
And the kine sit chewing the moist green cud,
Shall the snow not melt in a maiden's blood,
In the month when sings the cuckoo?

III.

The popinjay mates and the lapwing woos;
Cuckoo!
In the lane is a footstep. I wonder whose?
Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
How sweet are low whispers! and sweet, so
sweet,
When the soft hands touch and the shy lips
meet,
And sorrel and woodruff are round one's feet,
In the month when sings the cuckoo.

IV.

Your face is as fragrant as moist musk-rose;
Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
All the year in your cheek the windflower
blows;
Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
You flit as blithely as bird on wing;
And when you answer, and when you sing,
I know not if they, or you, be Spring,
In the month when pairs the cuckoo.

V.

Will you love me still when the blossom
droops?
Cuckoo!
When the cracked husk falls and the fieldfare
troops?
Cuckoo!
Let sere leaf or snowdrift shade your brow,
By the soul of the Spring, my soul! I vow,
I will love you then as I love you now,
In the month when sings the cuckoo.

VI.

Soft, soft is the sward where the loosestrife
grows,
Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
As we lie and hear in a dreamy doze,
Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
And soft is the curve of a maiden's cheek,
When she loves to listen but fears to speak,
And we yearn but we know not what we seek,
In the month when sings the cuckoo.

VII.

But in warm midsummer we hear no more,
Cuckoo!
And August brings not, with all its store,
Cuckoo!
When Autumn shivers on Winter's brink,
And the wet wind wails through crevice and
chink,
We gaze at the logs, and sadly think
Of the month when called the cuckoo.

VIII.

But the cuckoo comes back and shouts once
more,
And the world is as young as it was before;
It grows not older for mortal tears,
For the falsehood of men or for women's
fears;
'Tis as young as it was in the bygone years,
When first was heard the cuckoo.

IX.

I will love you then as I love you now,
What cares the Spring for a broken vow?
The broods of last year are pairing this;
And there never will lack, while love is bliss,
Fresh ears to cozen, fresh lips to kiss,
In the month when sings the cuckoo.

X.

O cruel bird! will you never have done?
You sing for the cloud, as you sang for the
sun;
You mock me now as you mocked me then,
When I knew not yet that the loves of men
Are as brief as the glamor of glade and glen,
And the glee of the fleeting cuckoo.

XI.

Oh, to lie once more in the long fresh grass,
And dream of the sounds and scents that pass;
To savor the woodbine, surmise the dove,
With no roof save the far-off sky above,
And a curtain of kisses round couch of love,
While distantly called the cuckoo.

XII.

But if now I slept, I should sleep to wake
To the sleepless pang and the dreamless ache,
To the wild babe blossom within my heart,
To the darkening terror and swelling smart,
To the searching look and the words apart,
And the hint of the telltale cuckoo.

XIII.

The meadow grows thick, and the stream
runs deep,
Where the aspens quake and the willows
weep;
The dew of the night and the morning heat
Will close up the track of my farewell feet:
So good-bye to the life that once was sweet,
When so sweetly called the cuckoo.

XIV.

The kine are un milked, and the cream un-
churned,
The pillow unpressed, and the quilt unturnd,
'Twas easy to gibe at a beldame's fear
For the quick brief blush and the sidelong
tear;
But if maids will gad in the youth of the year,
They should heed what says the cuckoo.

XV.

There are marks in the meadow laid up for
hay,
And the tread of a foot where no foot should
stray;
The banks of the pool are broken down,
Where the water is quiet and deep and brown;
The very spot, if one longed to drown,
And no more to hear the cuckoo.

XVI.

'Tis a full taut net and a heavy haul;
Look! her auburn hair and her trim new
shawl!
Draw a bit this way where 'tis not so steep;
There, cover her face! She but seems
asleep;
While the swallows skim and the graylings
leap,
And joyously sings the cuckoo.

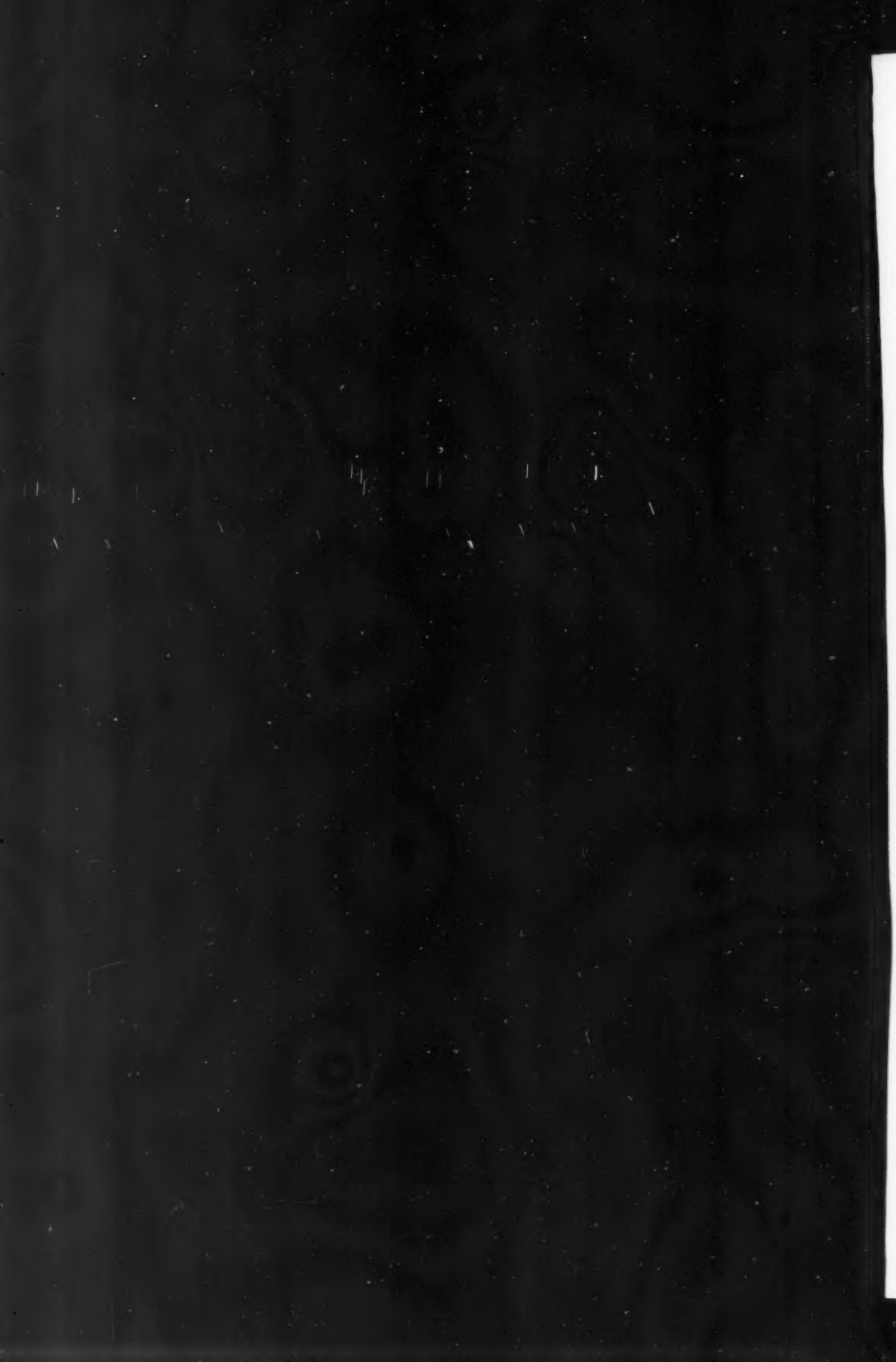
ALFRED AUSTIN.

May, 1888.

THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE AND THE CZAR. — The secretaries of the Evangelical Alliance have communicated to the press the result of the appeal of the British and foreign branches of the Alliance to the Czar with reference to religious persecution of Lutheran Christians in the Baltic Provinces of Russia. The memorial to the emperor was placed in his hands during his visit to Denmark last autumn. In reply the ober-procureur of the Holy Synod of the Greek Church has communicated to the authorities of the Alliance a statement setting forth the views of the Greek Church on the subject of religious liberty. The burden of this document is, that no distinction of race or religion is made between

the subjects of the czar; and that "heterodox faiths" enjoy in Russia greater liberty than in any other country in Europe; but that liberty does not include an absolute right to unlimited propagandism; and that it is the sacred duty of Russia to keep from the Orthodox Church all that can menace her security. Catholicism in Poland has been and is the enemy of Orthodoxy. Lutheranism in the Baltic provinces uses the banner of religion to mask political projects, by opposing spiritual union with the mother country. "Never will Russia grant them freedom of propagandism; never will she allow the Orthodox Church to be robbed of her children."

English Churchman.



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